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THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

AROUND the old minster the swallows are flying;
 Soon into white winter the year will be dying;
 Soon, soon the chill winds through the boughs
 will be sighing,
 And ice will be here;
 South, south are the summer and happy birds
 singing,
 And sunshine, that only here spring will be
 bringing,
 So the wise swallows gather in flocks for their
 winging
 To warm climes so dear.

Are they twittering and chattering of bright
 days departed?
 Of dear happy nest-homes from which they
 have started?
 How they wheel, as if exiled, they lingered,
 sad-hearted,
 Their known eaves to leave;
 And why should they thus stay the moment of
 starting?
 Why so seem to loathe from grey skies to be
 parting?
 Think they of the happy hours here they
 spent, darting
 Through many a red eve?

Do birds, like to men, hover round parted
 pleasure?
 Has the past its dear memories, to bird-
 thoughts a treasure?
 Is the gone to you swallows, oh, sweet beyond
 measure?
 Ah, that who shall tell?
 Men know not the mysteries that haunt their
 own being,
 And swallows may hide feelings deep from our
 seeing.
 Well, fleet ones, speed far, from the snows to
 come fleeing;
 God guides you. Farewell!
 Sunday Magazine. W. C. BENNETT.

A CONTRAST.

BLOW fresh, ye winds, blow fresh and strong,
 Sing loud, dear lark, your sweetest song,—
 In the deep blue, sing loud and long.

Shine brightly, sun, in summer might,
 Flood all the fields with golden light,
 And drive far off the envious night.

To-day there is no room for care,
 A heavenly beauty fills the air,—
 Fair is God's world, yea, very fair!

Upon our peaceful English shore,
 Heaven's love is resting evermore,
 And wealth of Heaven a boundless store.

From east to west, from south to north,
 No voice of discord echoes forth,—
 We hear no muttering sounds of wrath;

But careless song of youth and maid,
 Mirth-making in the woodland glade,
 At leisure in September's shade,

With music of the bird and bee,
 And hum of civic industry,
 Are borne o'er England's guardian sea.

Deep is our peace, while from afar
 Roll on the murd'rous wheels of War,
 And Famine's Juggernautine car.

Far off, our brethren cry to Heaven,
 By lust, and hate, and hunger driven,—
 Scathed as the oak by lightning riven.

Here, bask we in serenest light,
 There, horrors crowd from morn to night;
 And love is lust, and might is right.
 Spectator. JOHN DENNIS.

HYMN.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

O THOU, my heart's best treasure!
 O Friend unchangeable!
 Sweet spring of ceaseless pleasure
 For all who love thee well!
 Take of my heart possession,
 And reign alone therein,
 Thou, whose dear cross and passion
 Have saved me from my sin.

Joy of my life! thou feedest
 My soul with living bread;
 Still to faith's sight thou bleedest,
 And richest drops are shed.
 When tired and faint I languish,
 By thee the weak is strong,
 And in my night of anguish
 I tune my loudest song.

Ah! pour on me thy favor,
 Rich fount of love and grace;
 Around me shine forever,
 Great Sun of Righteousness!
 Without thy smile peace-giving
 Life were but death to me;
 But in thy presence living
 True light and life I see.

My heart, in closest union
 With thine, dear Lord, made one,
 Finds here in sweet communion,
 Its heaven on earth begun:
 Better 'mid flames fierce-wreathing,
 Safe in thy love to be,
 Than heaven's own fragrance breathing
 If heaven were void of thee!

Sunday Magazine. HENRY DOWNTON.

From The Church Quarterly Review.

LORD FALKLAND AND HIS MODERN CRITICS.*

WE know of no sign of the times more truly healthy and hopeful than the desire which finds frequent expression amongst us for a worthy commemoration of the great representative men of English history. In the case of Lord Falkland it is only surprising that such an effort to raise a fitting monument as was lately inaugurated at Newbury has been so long delayed. That remarkable nobleman—remarkable in so many ways, the statesman, soldier, poet, theologian, controversialist, and scholar, “the inspiring chief,” as Principal Tulloch calls him, “of a circle of rational and moderate thinkers, amidst the excesses of a violent and dogmatic age”—has always been one of our truest British heroes. Immortalized by the glowing and most eloquent praise of his bosom friend, Lord Clarendon, the idol of the poets of his day,—Ben Jonson, Cowley, Waller, Suckling, who find an echo in Pope,—the loving companion and intimate friend of Sheldon, Morley, Hammond, Earles, Chillingworth, the gracious host of Great Tew, where he was visited by “all men of eminent parts and faculties in Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges;”† the chivalrous victim of the Civil War, which he had done his utmost to prevent by timely reform; the representative, as he may be considered, of the Old English Constitution, which he found so grievously out of joint; the rare example of a private virtue consistent in the minutest particular with his public character, and of a true and practical religion which found outward expression in every act of his exalted career; the splendid example of a deeply

learned layman, who “never declined controversies on political or religious questions,” now overthrowing the Jesuits with their own weapons, now attacking the abuses of an ecclesiastical government, now defending with equal vigor the essential foundations of the Church of England, and dying for the cause of those very bishops whose errors he had resisted,—where shall we find a figure more deservedly placed in the niche of fame? where a study more deserving of the attention of historical students? And yet, while Hampden had his pillar erected on Chalgrove Field nearly half a century ago; while Cromwell, the mighty king-killer, finds his place amongst the kings; while the various merits of the men who have made Britain glorious by sea and land find recognition in brick and mortar, pillar and monument, it has been reserved for this very year, 1877, to do public honor to Lork Falkland. The more honor is due to the promoters of this tardy act of justice, to the Field Club, of Newbury, and especially to Mr. Money, of that place, who have conceived and almost carried the project into effect,* and to Lord Carnarvon, whose admirable speech on the late occasion the public press has with one voice ratified and approved.

In the present paper it will be unnecessary to reproduce in another form what has been brought out in modern times relating to the life and works of this great man. Mr. Teale in 1842, Lady Theresa Lewis in 1852, and Principal Tulloch in 1872, have given elaborate and eulogistic biographies of Lord Falkland; Mr. Grosart has lovingly collected all his poems, with an appreciative sketch of his life, while Lord Lytton successfully defended his memory in the *Quarterly Review* of October 1860.†

But the attention drawn to the subject by the late meeting at Newbury has, for the first time, attracted the general public, and its intrinsic interest is evinced, not only by the numerous newspaper articles of that date, but by the notice which it has been receiving in periodicals and re-

* 1. *Speech at a Meeting held at Newbury, on January 9, 1877, by the Earl of CARNARVON, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies.* (Times, January 10, 1877.)

2. *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century.* By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College in the University of St. Andrews, etc. 1872.

3. *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library.* Printed for Private Circulation. By A. B. GROSART. 1871.

† Lord Clarendon's Life and Continuation, l. 48.

* We regret to hear that funds are still wanting.

† This review appears now in Lord Lytton's "Prose Works."

views. The new *Nineteenth Century*, breaking off from its parent the *Contemporary Review*, signalized its assertion that it could run alone by a characteristic essay on Falkland from the fastidious pen of Mr. Matthew Arnold; and the parent desired to prove that it still possessed the vigor of youth by enlisting the masculine services of Mr. Goldwin Smith in reply. In neither of these literary efforts could the authors speak with a congenial spirit on such a topic; though indeed the former discovers in the hero a shining example of that "sweetness and light" of which he is the self-constituted prophet, and a typical smiter of the Philistines, whose discomfiture, whether under the buff coat of the old Puritan or the greasy apron of the modern tradesman, he has devoted his life to compass; while the latter claims all the support for his well-known admiration of the Cromwellian party which he can derive from the consideration of one portion, and one portion only, of Falkland's twofold career. There has indeed been a vein of depreciation running along with the eulogy of Falkland from the time of Horace Walpole, who was tired of hearing Aristides always called "the Just," while in our own time Lord Macaulay, Mr. Forster, Mr. Sanford, and others, have unsparingly condemned his political course from the simple point of view of the Cromwellian partisan. There is still room then for an attempt to discriminate between opposing views, and especially to save the memory of Falkland from some of his admiring friends, who have contrived to read within the lines of the few prose works he has left behind a nearer agreement with their own peculiar sentiments than facts will justify. The course of our remarks bring us into contact with some questions which are at least as interesting now as they were two centuries and a half ago.

Taking first, and very briefly, Lord Falkland's political career, we must suppose the reader to be familiar with its general outline, with his learned, and no doubt indignant, retirement at Great Tew, from 1632 to 1639, while Charles I. was governing without Parliaments, and under the tutorship of Laud and Strafford, and with

his first appearance in public life as one of the most vehement of that consummately able band of reformers who sat in the Short and the Long Parliaments of 1640, and soon acting as a leader, along with his friend Hyde, in every measure adopted for the destruction of the tyranny under which the old Constitution had been well nigh lost. Then, finally, when Strafford was executed, the Star Chamber and all the old tyrannical courts abolished, Laud imprisoned, the ecclesiastical government in civil affairs destroyed, triennial Parliaments become law (Charles having even consented to his own virtual dethronement by relinquishing his prerogative of dissolving the existing Parliament), the power over the public purse and the national forces taken out of the king's hands, — hopeless of stemming the advancing tides, we know how, still along with Hyde, he threw himself into the opposite scale, and devoted the short remainder of his life as secretary of state, fighting in the front rank with sword and pen for the cause of Church and king, yet contending with Charles's own corrupt courtiers as decisively as against the forces of the Parliament, till the end came — came so speedily on the fatal field of Newbury, that the world had scarcely begun to understand what a hero it possessed, till he was removed with an awful suddenness which adds no little to the dramatic force of the tragedy.

We shall not attempt to defend through thick and thin every isolated act or opinion of one whose example would be useless to his fellows had he not been beset with the same infirmities as other men. Whether he carried his impetuous attacks on the government of Charles further than was necessary for reform, whether he can be justified in the violence of his invectives against Strafford and the bishops, whether he chose exactly the right moment for leaving the side of those who had misled him, and were bent on very different courses from his own, — questions of this sort are so difficult to decide, and we who are enjoying the political calm which he did so much to secure for us are so strictly bound to a modest style of criticism when dealing with them, that it

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seems our duty rather to look to broad and general outlines of conduct, and to balance against one another opposing tendencies and results. In all this impetuous and chivalrous earnestness, first on one side and then on the other, in this combat of principles so fruitful for all future time, we cannot but discern the noble but impulsive action of the youthful student, called to sudden action at a great crisis, and impelled with all that soldierly order which he evinced at the very outset of his life, and which burned all the more fiercely for its previous repression in the learned pursuits of his ancestral home.

But we have no doubt whatever as to the correctness of the judgment which Falkland and Hyde formed on the whole as to their eventual course; and it would hardly be necessary to reassert what was once so generally received, were it not that (as we showed in a former article) the modern school of historians has so slavishly followed the lead of Lord Macaulay and the Reform-Bill-period writers, that they now profess to consider the point settled, and to assume that the sympathies of every true Englishman must necessarily lie with Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell in the final struggle, rather than with Hyde and Falkland.

We have promised brevity on this point, and therefore at once refer the reader to the article in the *Quarterly Review* noticed above. It will not be easy to present the broad outlines of the two political courses in a more succinct form.

The reforms [says Lord Lytton] which were re-established (after the Great Rebellion), and which we enjoy now, were the reforms, not of Pym and St. John, but of Hyde and Falkland, the reforms already achieved before the Grand Remonstrance was flung forth to substitute the soldier for the reformer. All that we owe to the violent men are the military usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and the reaction and arbitrary monarchy under Charles the Second.

The famous nineteen propositions, to which Hyde and Falkland contributed—we know not in what proportions—so admirable an answer, were the manifesto of republicanism. The cause of the sovereign, after the proper safeguards had been secured, was the cause of the people

of England, the cause of the British Constitution. We cannot expect all persons to be of one mind on these points; there will always be those who would prefer that our Constitution should not be what it is, and who, failing to find a response in the public opinion of their own times, fondly hope to influence that opinion by asserting the righteousness of the party which attempted to overthrow the Constitution in days gone by. The character of such heroes as Falkland is a very serious obstacle in their way. When such a man, an apostle of "sweetness and light," illuminates the narrow middle course in the most critical and typical struggle in the history of England, it is an awkward fact not easily got rid of. The admirers of the later policy of Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell find themselves deserted by the logic of facts; unless indeed they openly reject the criterion, and boldly proclaim their dissatisfaction with the laws of their own land, and their preference for the ruder forms of government which prevail elsewhere.

These brief remarks are in themselves a sufficient answer to the condescending criticism of Horace Walpole, who pronounced Falkland to be "a virtuous and well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding, who got knocked on the head early in the Civil War because it boded ill."* There could hardly be found in the language a sentence less creditable to the head and heart of a writer. It would, indeed, be easy to produce any number of instances, on either side of the struggle, of such strength and such capacity as Walpole admired; but to support the Constitution on both sides, to beat down the old tyranny, and then to save for posterity what had been purified of its dross, this required the eagle eye and the lion heart given to few, and a singleness of purpose rarely met with in the world's history, a character, when found, to be held aloft, like the admiral's lantern over the dark waters in which his scattered fleet pushes its devious way.

There has been a feeble attempt to cast dishonor on Falkland's memory by accus-

* Royal and Noble Authors.

ing him of complicity with Charles in his arrest of the five members. Mr. Forster* has more than insinuated this charge; and it is a serious charge, because it would not only involve our hero in a political blunder of the most serious kind, but convict him of something like treachery and deceit. There never was a more wanton accusation. Lord Lytton, whose article was a review of Mr. Forster's violent and one-sided book, has elaborately shown that it is contrary to everything we know on the subject; and Principal Tulloch dismisses it with indignation as "without a tittle of evidence."† Those who blame Falkland for remaining in Charles's service after this event forget that one main object in his changing sides was to correct the errors of the king, and that his disgust at the conduct of the advisers who had hitherto misled Charles must have had the strongest influence in deterring him from throwing in his lot with fallen majesty. It was his highest honor that he combated this fastidious delicacy, and suffered nothing to stand in the way of the call to heroic duty—a duty which, he well knew, meant in his case early death.

We close this part of our subject with a declaration of hearty adhesion to Lord Carnarvon's summing up on the occasion referred to. The first point which he singled out as chiefly significant in Falkland's career was his surrender, the painful, yet the cheerful and ready surrender, of his delightful country life and splendid literary society; so dear to his cultured intellect, at the call of duty. The second was "the striking combination in Lord Falkland's character of a reformer and a devoted servant to the crown." The third was "the spirit of singular moderation which pervaded his character—moderation without lukewarmness, partisanship without at any time forfeiting his own respect or the respect of others—a moderation consistent with strength and also with honor."

Those great ends for which Lord Falkland and his friends spoke and acted, lived and fought, but which the great Rebellion could not accomplish, have been since achieved in the peaceful progress of two hundred years. There are indeed many things which we may yet seek to gain; but in the England of to-day, in her abundant prosperity, in her equal laws, in her well-ordered Constitution, in her united classes, in her beloved monarch,—in all these things, after making due allowance and deduction for all human institutions, we have a pic-

ture that our ancestors hardly ever dreamt of as possible, even in the pages of their fondest Utopias. Many objects of legitimate ambition still remain for us to try for, but the heritage to which we have succeeded may be prized and preserved, and we may rejoice to honor the men by whom it was won.

These graceful words of Lord Carnarvon's, some of which perhaps apply more strictly to the course taken by Falkland as a whole than to the exact steps by which he pursued it, invite us to extend our inquiry beyond the results of Falkland's training, beyond the external and political course which is familiar to all, to the training itself which produced such results, and to the proofs which we may be able to discover of the position which his studies and the society of his learned friends had led him to assume on the great religious questions which lay at the bottom of all politics in that age, as indeed they have so lain for many an age before and since.

In the years immediately preceding his political career theology and the learned languages had been the main studies of Falkland's retirement. He had received an excellent education at the University of Dublin on which to found these studies. It was probably at Dublin, under the influences of the learned and pious Ussher, that he obtained the high standard of literary research which so remarkably distinguished him. It was also probably under Ussher's influence that he imbibed those notions as to the episcopate which will now engage our attention. Checked in his aspirations for a military career, left his own master in early manhood, with a fine estate and convenient residence, married—a marriage of affection—to one who was the glory of her sex, it is the lot of few to have such a splendid opportunity for developing the noblest tastes. Two circumstances pointed out the direction of his studies, which had at the outset been rather those of the more ordinary wit of the day—poetry and general literature. How he shone in that brilliant society which met at the "Apollo" under Ben Jonson's presidency, Suckling has told us; and his own verses, admired in their day, have at least the quality of wit and ingenuity, if wanting in the grace and elegance of some of his contemporaries. But his genius lay in a higher sphere. To theology he was attracted, not only by his own earnest and serious character, but also by the consuming desire he felt to trace to the fountain head the great controversy with Rome, in which

* Arrest of the Five Members.

† Rational Theology, etc., i. 143.

his clever mother had engaged him; for she had already led her two younger sons to follow her own desertion of the Church of England for that of Rome. The other circumstance was the proximity of Great Tew to Oxford, the chief centre of theological and classical study. It is a mistake to connect him with St. John's College, Oxford—a mistake which has arisen out of his affiliation to St. John's College, Cambridge; where, however, he never seems to have resided. But the pleasant ride of twelve miles which lay between his mansion and the University of Oxford was no barrier to a man so prepared to receive all Oxford teaching from the many men of surpassing ability and goodness of whom the university at that time boasted. For those years at Great Tew happened to be exactly coincident with one of the most remarkable periods of Oxford history. They witnessed the termination of the lengthened conflict between the Calvinism of Abbot and his party, and the Arminianism of Laud and his followers. The great reform of the university, which had so long been called for, was effected during this period by Laud. If his busy hand was too fatally sowing the seeds of the subsequent disasters, his pervading influence had most assuredly elevated the standard of learning and piety in his beloved university. Scarcely at any time before or since has Oxford sent forth so many men trained in all the learning of the schools, and capable of taking a great place in the struggle which now lay before them. These were the days when a symposium in an Oxford college, to which we may well suppose Falkland, Hyde, Sandys, and Wenman invited as honored guests, might have included Sheldon, Jeremy Taylor, Hammond, Earles, Sanderson, Morley, Prideaux, Juxon, Brian Duppa, Pococke, and Samuel Fell. Chillingworth and Hales might have joined the entertainment, Stewart have left his deanery, and Laud sent a haunch of venison for the occasion. In many another decade of Oxford history the possession of even some one or two of such names would have redeemed it from the charge of barrenness.

Of the above names, Clarendon, in those most happy passages from his "Life," only a few words of which need here be quoted, mentions several; and, from the tenor of those passages, it is clear that the intercourse he there describes between Falkland and his Oxford friends was of the most uncommon character. They were encouraged to spend as much of their time as they liked at Great Tew.

Nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint, to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society.*

This mention of his library exactly corresponds with Bishop Barlow's reminiscences, supplied in his old age to Sir Peter Pett, one of which attributes Chillingworth's success in his controversy with the Jesuits entirely to Falkland's library, and to Falkland's intimate knowledge of the passages in his books which supplied Chillingworth's references, but of which he himself was quite ignorant.†

It is observable that this galaxy of literary men, whose daily and hourly converse was forming Lord Falkland's mind and character, through a series of years, to a far greater degree than we can imagine in the case of any ordinary university or collegiate life, was by no means principally composed of those whom it is right to style "Latitudinarians." This term has been very freely used, we are bound to say misused, to designate the company which met at Great Tew; and their accomplished host has been called the founder of that section of the Church of England. But in the first place the term when brought into use somewhat later than Falkland's time implied a very different color of opinion from that which it bears in our own day; and then, secondly, it is certain that no one can designate Sheldon, Morley, Hammond, or Earles, by that name, nor Hyde, who mentions them as Falkland's chief friends, nor can they, in justice, Falkland himself. If it applied to Hales and Chillingworth, we have no reason for confus-

* Lord Clarendon's *Life and Continuation*, i. 48.

† "When Mr. Chillingworth undertook the defence of Dr. Potter's book against the Jesuits, he was almost continually at Tew with my lord, examining the reasons of both parties *pro* and *con*, and their invalidity or consequence, where Mr. Chillingworth had the benefit of my lord's company and my lord's library. The benefit he had by my lord's company and rational discourse was very great, as Mr. Chillingworth would modestly and truly confess. But his library, which was well furnished with choice books (I have several times been in it and seen them), such as Mr. Chillingworth neither had, nor ever heard of many of them, till my lord showed him the books, and the passages in them which were significant and pertinent to the purpose. So that it is certain that most of those authorities which Mr. Chillingworth makes use of, he owes first to my Lord of Falkland's learning, that he could give him so good directions, and next to his civility and kindness that he could direct him."—Bishop Barlow's "Remains," collected by Sir Peter Pett, 1693.

ing them with their host. Chillingworth, indeed, went through fluctuating phases of belief and profession, some of which exceeded the bounds even of modern latitude; for there is no doubt that, as he had at one time joined the Church of Rome, so at another time he had a strong leaning to Socinianism. It was indeed asserted of Falkland that he had adopted the last-named opinions; but Cressy's evidence is conclusive against it, for he heard Chillingworth "dispute with my Lord Falkland in favor of Socinianism, wherein he was by his lordship so often confounded that it really appears he has much more reason for his engine (a military machine of his invention) than for his opinion."* Many of these men were indeed independent and original thinkers, but that is a very different thing. Sheldon had given proof at All Souls' of a sturdy spirit, which braved the displeasure of Laud in the height of his power; Hammond was a prince among reasoners; Earles was a man of great originality; but they were not Latitudinarians, nor, as we shall see, was Falkland. The mistake has arisen from a misconception of the line of argument which he pursued on the subject of the episcopate; and some color has been supposed to be given for the use of the term in his controversial works against the papal infallibility. As we cannot enter into any detail on the latter of these points, it may be enough to say that Falkland's exhaustive treatise against papal infallibility was most learnedly and effectively defended by the great Hammond † three years after Falkland's death, and that the identification of the two writers is absolute and complete throughout the argument, which proceeds on the grounds, chiefly Patristic, taken by Hammond's school of what we should call High Churchmen, certainly not Latitudinarians; and this might alone be thought conclusive.

Thus then his relations with Chillingworth and Hammond afford concurrent testimony from opposite sides, of at least a negative character, against the accusation of Latitudinarianism. Let us now see whether his speeches upon episcopacy, the sole remaining foundation for the charge, will bear it out.

There are two of these speeches. The first is by far the best known, and indeed the only one generally known, for it was the only one actually delivered; and as it

exercised a very important influence on the course of events at a critical moment, it finds a place in every history of the period. The other is a draft of a speech of a later date, found among Falkland's papers at his death, and published in the following year (1644) at Oxford. It was in his own handwriting, and its authenticity has never been doubted.

It was in the first of these speeches, delivered on February 9, 1640, that Falkland poured forth his long-pent-up indignation at the abuses of episcopal government, which had, under Laud's primacy, driven the people to madness.

The kingdom hath long labored under many and great oppressions both in religion and liberty. The great, if not a principal cause of both these have been *some bishops* and their adherents.

As a specimen of his powerful method of denouncing the innovations of the Laudian school, rhetorical and highly colored, no doubt, as might be expected under the circumstances, the following passage may be quoted:—

The truth, Mr. Speaker, is that, as some ill ministers in our State first took away our money from us, and after endeavored to make our money not worth the taking, by turning it into brass by a kind of anti-philosopher's stone, so these men used us in the point of preaching—first depressing it to their power, and next laboring to make it such as the harm had not been much if it had been depressed. The most frequent subjects, even in the most sacred auditories, being the *jus divinum* of bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of Puritanism and propriety, the building of the prerogative at Paul's, the introduction of such doctrines as, admitting them true, the truth would not recompense the scandal, or such as were so far false that, as Sir Thomas More says of the Casuists, their business was not to keep men from sinning, but to confirm them—*quam prope ad peccatum sine peccato liceat accedere*; so it seemed their will was to try how much of a Papist might be brought in without Popery, and to destroy as much as they could of the Gospel without bringing themselves into danger of being destroyed by the law.

Mr. Speaker, to go yet further, some of them have so industriously labored to deduce themselves from Rome, that they have given great suspicion, that in gratitude they desire to return thither, or at least to meet it half way. Some have evidently labored to bring in an English, though not a Roman, Popery; I mean not only the outside and dress of it, but equally absolute, a blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves, and have opposed the papacy

* Quoted in Lady T. Lewis's "Life of Lord Falkland," i. 170.

† This was published at first without Hammond's name, but afterwards placed in the second volume of his works, collected and published by himself.

beyond the seas that they might settle one beyond the water [Lambeth]. Nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and to be so absolutely, directly, and cordially Papists, that it is all that fifteen hundred pound a year can do to keep them from confessing it.

The bitterness of this philippic — and it would be wrong to omit it in this sketch — will be the more excusable when we remember that two of these bishops, Mountagu and Goodman, did as a matter of fact sufficiently scandalize even their own brethren at this period by their approaches to Rome, and that the last is very much misrepresented indeed if he did not actually join that Church.

The mischief that had been done in the State by these episcopal advisers of the crown, Falkland sums up in the same glowing language : —

Mr. Speaker, I come now to speak of our liberties; and considering the interest these men have had in our common master [the King], and considering how great a good to us they might have made that interest in him, if they would have used it to have informed him of our general sufferings; and considering how a little of their freedom of speech at Whitehall might have saved us a great deal of the use we have now of it in the Parliament House — their not doing this alone were occasion enough for us to accuse them as betrayers, though not as the destroyers of our rights and liberties; though I confess that if they had been only silent in this particular, I had been silent too. But alas! they whose ancestors in the darkest times excommunicated the breakers of Magna Charta, did now by themselves and their adherents both write, preach, plot, and act against it by encouraging Dr. Beale, by preferring Dr. Mainwaring, appearing forward for monopolies and ship-money, and if any were slow and backward to comply, blasting both them and their preferment with the utmost expression of their hatred — the title of Puritan.

Mr. Speaker, we shall find some of them to have labored to exclude both all persons and all causes of the clergy from the ordinary jurisdiction of the temporal magistrate . . . to have encouraged all the clergy to suits, and have brought all suits to the Council-table; that having all power in ecclesiastical matters, they labored for equal power in temporal, and to dispose as well of every office as of every benefice . . . so that indeed the gain of their greatness extended but to a few of that order, though the envy extended to all. We shall find them to have both kindled and blown the common fire of both nations [English and Scotch] . . . to have been the first and principal cause of the breach, I will not say of, but since the pacification of Berwick. We

shall find them to have been the almost sole abettors of my Lord Strafford, whilst he was practising upon another kingdom that manner of government which he intended to settle in this, . . . to have assisted him in the giving such counsels and the pursuing of such courses as it is a hard and measuring cast whether they were more unwise, more unjust, or more unfortunate.

These extracts will at least serve to explain the cause of Falkland's conduct at the crisis which had arrived. We all know how much there is to be said in extenuation of the errors committed by the king and his advisers, of whom the ecclesiastics were not the least influential; but the facts remain: the government was a tyranny, and the Church had mixed herself up with it in such fashion that a learned and devoted Churchman like Falkland could see no way of escape short of the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords. He was mistaken, and not that only, he was misled. He fondly hoped that by this means the nation would be saved from the disgrace and loss of abolishing episcopacy outright, and he plainly saw that the stroke was imminent. It was indeed effected in less than twelve months afterwards. In the first vehemence of his reforming ardor he would, to save the order, give up what was after all but an accidental feature of it in England. And he himself declared, at a later date, that he acted under false hopes held out to him by Hampden and others.

For we next observe that the rest of the speech, as well as, in a still more suggestive manner, the second and undelivered speech, was devoted to the *defence* of episcopacy, and to the most pressing arguments for staying the attack which the more violent politicians of the "Root and Branch" were directing against the Church. Long before the final and successful attack, Falkland had discovered the error into which his hatred of tyranny had led him. Accordingly in October 1641, he resisted the bill for depriving the bishops of their seats in the House of Lords, and obstructed the movement to the utmost of his power. By December he had so far left the side of his old friends, that Charles offered him the post of secretary of state. On the first of January 1641-2 he was sworn of the Privy Council.

In Falkland's defence of the episcopate in his first speech it is impossible to admire too much the rhetorical skill with which he attempts to influence a Parliament, which had such good cause for disgust, towards the side of moderation.

He would have them distinguish between individual offenders and the whole order. He reminds them of the debt due to bishops in old times, of the early martyrs, of the Reformation martyrs; even now there were examples enough to show that "bishops *may be good men*." It was something to get as far as this. Remove excrescences, make new rules, strict rules; but beware of reducing the Church so low as to debase learning and discourage students.

Let us not invert that of Jeroboam, and as he made the meanest of the people priests, make the highest of the priests the meanest of the people. Let us not abolish in a few days' debate an Order which hath lasted (as appears by story) in most churches these sixteen hundred years, and in all, from Christ to Calvin; or in an instant change the whole face of the Church like the scene of a mask. Mr. Speaker, I do not believe them to be *jure divino*—nay, I believe them to be not *jure divino*; but neither do I believe them to be *injuria humana*. I neither consider them as necessary, nor as unlawful, but as convenient or inconvenient. No wise man will undergo great danger but for great necessity.

His principle in short may be thus expressed: where it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change.

This speech does not, however, fully convey his sentiments. He had a deeper view of the episcopate than this. It was as much as he dared to say at the time, but it was not all he meant, or believed. Not that in the second speech there is any indication of a belief in the divine right of episcopacy, strictly so called; but the grounds of his adherence to the order were far more powerfully laid down. He declares that it was "so ancient, general, and uncontradicted in the first and best times, that our most laborious antiquaries can find no nation, city, church, nor houses under any other, that our first ecclesiastical authors tell us that the Apostles not only allowed, but founded bishops, so that the tradition for some books of Scripture which we receive as Canonical is both less ancient, less general, and less uncontradicted." This is pretty strong language as well as pretty strong argument, and then he goes on to show that no substitute had been agreed on for the episcopate; but "to restore it again would be a miracle in State like that of the Resurrection to nature." How few could then have foreseen that such a "miracle" would indeed take place! He next dwells on the evil of an unlearned priesthood. There would be "no controversialists to match

Bellarmino." Many would "go over to Rome when an Apostolic institution was abolished in our Church."

Sir, it hath been said that we have a better way to know Scripture than by tradition. I dispute not this, sir, but I know that tradition is the only argument to prove Scripture to another, and the first to every man's self, being compared to the Samaritan woman's report, which made many first believe in Christ, though they after believed him for himself. And I therefore would not have this so far weakened to us as to take away Episcopacy as unlawful, which is so far by tradition proved to be lawful.

What would succeed episcopacy? The Scotch government, which was *jure divino* by profession, unlimited, independent, and so against the liberty of the *subject* and the privileges of Parliament, "while, after all, Episcopacy was only said to be injurious to the supremacy of the *Crown*." It might be said that this Presbyterian claim was made for spiritual power alone; but spiritual power soon carries temporal power after it, as we see in the case of the pope.

And sure, sir, they will in this case be judges, not only of that which is spiritual, but of what it is that is so; and the people receiving instruction from no other will take the most temporal matter to be spiritual if they tell them it is so.

Here, then, we have the deliberate attitude of Lord Falkland on the question of Church government; and it enables us to judge in the first place what to think of an author, eulogized by one of the critics we have mentioned for his correct estimate of Falkland's position, Mr. Sanford, who, in his "Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion," tells us that Falkland's "hatred of episcopacy" guided him at the commencement of the struggle, but when a "morbid dread of anarchy and the overthrow of constitutional monarchy took possession of his mind," he saw only the "danger which existed," and "threw himself unhesitatingly into the arms of the king."* It is, as Mr. Grosart has remarked, much more correct to say that the king threw himself into Falkland's arms. But where is there any "hatred of episcopacy"? On the contrary, we find the greatest reverence and affection for it. The "hatred" was simply a hatred of certain abuses which had clouded over the fair prospect he so much admired, and which had brought into extreme danger an "Apostolic institution," whose claim to

allegiance no one in England asserted more decidedly than himself.

Was this position, viz. that episcopacy was an apostolic institution, but not *jure divino*, the badge of a "Latitudinarian?" Certainly not in the modern sense; and it may well be questioned whether in any sense. Burnet associates the term "Latitudinarian" with the rise of the school of More and Cudworth, and their pupils Tillotson and Stillingfleet; while Hoadly has always been considered its chief and most typical representative; but the principles of these men included a far wider range of disagreement with the prevailing opinions of the Church than simply maintaining the apostolic origin of episcopacy in preference to its absolute divine right. On this point Falkland was in agreement with the reformers themselves, or, at any rate, with the more important of them; and on the practical corollary of that doctrine he was entirely at one with them; for if episcopacy was not of direct divine command, but simply carried with it, like the institution of the Lord's Day and infant baptism, the authority of the earliest primitive Church, it would not be wrong, they thought, to hold communion with the foreign Churches. Those bodies were in error, but still not an excluding error. In rejecting episcopacy he regarded them as rejecting what had a greater authority than even some parts of the Bible itself; therein they suffered great loss, but still not a loss which gave us a right to treat them as aliens, especially as their loss might be said to have been forced upon them rather than voluntary. It was not till the close of the reign of Elizabeth that the school of Bancroft and Laud claimed the establishment of bishops in the full sense of *jure divino*. The doctrine made its way side by side with the same claim for the sovereign.

In a sense, indeed, Falkland would probably himself have admitted the claim. For if it was of apostolic origin it must in a very real sense be of divine origin too. But this was not what in those days the term *jure divino* carried with it. It placed the bishops in the very seat of the apostles, and proclaimed the episcopacy as an article of faith. He would probably have consented to the ancient canon—"Nulla ecclesia sine episcopo"—but he claimed, as we have said, to extend his active sympathy to those foreign bodies which the violence of the breach with Rome had left destitute of the legitimate office, and he saw no inconsistency in so doing. He made it one of his charges

against the Laudian government that it had refused to accept this position.

Here we must observe that we are simply considering how far, under the circumstances of the time, Falkland's view justified the charge of Latitudinarianism. On the great question itself we have no need to enter, especially as the rubrics and services of the English Church have treated it in precise accordance with the primitive, as distinct from the mediæval ruling of Rome:—

It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church—bishops, priests, and deacons.

It is only necessary to remark that Falkland fully accepted the authority of the English Church, and that his profound and uncommon learning had enabled him to penetrate much more deeply into the relative value to be attached to patristic utterances at different periods than many of those who have written most confidently and authoritatively on the subject. On the same historic basis which he thus learned to accept theories of the episcopate have since his time been built up of more than one species, from the ultra-sacerdotal view of Dodwell and some of the non-jurors, down to the very moderate theory put forward by Canon Lightfoot in our own times*—a view, be it observed, which by no means excludes, but rather postulates, the belief that the Holy Spirit guided the primitive Church into the adoption of the three orders of the ministry.†

Enough has been said to show that it is a gratuitous assumption to claim Falkland as the parent and leader of our modern Latitudinarians and rationalists, or to suppose that his fearless controversial spirit and force of logical reasoning had led, or would have led him, into any the slightest concession to that impatience of dogma which betrays the shallowness of so much of our current literature. "Follow truth" indeed he did, but it was in no sense of questioning revelation or apostolic tradition. It was only in the sense of removing the gloss of mediæval interpretation which he found still, in spite of the light of the Reformation, overlaying so much of primitive truth. There are no signs of his considering "the frame of the Church of England" as admirably suited to afford

* Dissertation on Epistle to the Philippians.

† For a full and learned discussion of the question, with all modern lights, the reader is referred to, the Rev. A. W. Hadden's article upon "Bishops" in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities."

"room for wide differences of dogmatic opinion and the free rights of Christian reason pursuing its inquest after truth;" nor, in the assertion that "he would have reformed, but preserved and purified it, as the flexible and appropriate vehicle of the nation's religious progress," do we trace the true notes of Falkland's course; still less when we are told that "his ideal of the Christian Church may yet be realized when men have learned that patient search for truth is better than all dogmas."* If Falkland's researches had taught him no more than this he would not have broken with the Root and Branch party, much less have died on the bloody field of Newbury. It was precisely because he recognized and devoutly bowed his capacious intellect to dogma that he rejected the pseudo-dogma of Romanism and the assumptions of Presbyterianism. His "rational theology" extended not to the exercise of the mental faculties in a sphere in which they cannot expatiate, an atmosphere in which they cannot draw breath, but was confined to the modest limits which our own Hooker had delighted to circumscribe for the members of the Church of Christ, and within which all the most orthodox, the most learned, and the most sagacious of our divines have ever since found sufficient scope. If a modern school, under the mistaken hope of making gains for religion by concession to modern unbelief, has advanced very much further than this, let them abstain from demanding that we should give up Falkland as their patron and leader. We claim to retain him in the non-Latitudinarian ranks, and are not aware that he ever hoisted the signal of defection.

But the history of Lord Falkland's opinions also throws light incidentally upon an interesting and difficult Constitutional question, on which it may be worth while to make some remarks. Few such questions are more obscure than that of the "three estates of the realm," an expression which has been used in many different senses, one on which the best authorities not only have differed during the last two centuries and a half, but differ still, and one which, at the period of the great Rebellion, was in so confused a state that people supported their arguments for taking up one side or the other in the war by considerations arising out of it. Thus, to state the case briefly, the law-books in general lay down the law, in a very decided

way, to the effect that the lords spiritual, viz. the bishops in Parliament, form one of the "three estates of the realm," along with the lords temporal and the commons.

"The Three Estates of the Realm, viz., the Lords Spiritual, Archbishops and Bishops, being in number twenty-four . . . the Lords Temporal, in number at this time one hundred and six. The third estate is the Commons of the Realm."* "The constituent parts of a Parliament are the king sitting there in the royal political capacity, and the three Estates of the Realm—the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal (who sit together with the sovereign in one house), and the Commons, who sit by themselves in another. The Sovereign and these Three Estates, together, form the great corporation or body politic of the kingdom, of which the Sovereign is said to be *caput, principium, et finis*."† "And by divers statutes Bishops are called Peers of the land; one of the Three Estates of the Realm; one of the greatest Estates of the Realm, and the like."‡

But it is equally certain that the clergy, lords, and commons, the clergy "by a pious courtesy," as the first order, the lords as the second, and the commons as the third, are the three historical estates of the realm; and that this term "clergy" included the whole body of the clergy, and not merely the bishops. "The first or spiritual estate comprises the whole body of the clergy, whether endowed with land or tithe, whether dignified or undignified, whether sharing or not sharing the privileges of baronage."§ "In England, where the clergy have been esteemed one estate, the peers of the realm the second estate, and the commons of the realm, represented in Parliament by persons chosen by certain electors, a third estate."|| "The name of the three estates, that is, the nobles, clergy and commons, is equally well known in England, though the meaning of the three names differs not a little

* Coke's "Fourth Institute," cap. i.

† Stephens' "Blackstone," 3rd edition, ii. 319.

‡ Burn's "Ecclesiastical Law," l. 213.

§ The references to statutes made by Burn in this place are the following: 25 Edw. III., st. 3, c. 6; 1 Eliz., c. 3; 8 Eliz., c. 1; but it may be noticed that in none of them are the bishops called an estate of the realm, and in only one, viz., 1 Eliz., c. 3, said to represent an estate: "We, your said most loving, faithful, and obedient subjects, representing the Three Estates of your Realm of England;" and these are "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled." In 25 Edw. III. the expression is, "The holy Church of England was founded in the estate of prelacy," which proves nothing to the point; but in 8 Eliz., c. 1, the expression is, "The state of the Clergy, being one of the great States of this Realm." The statutes do not, in fact, bear out the assertion of the lawyers on this point.

|| Stubbs' "Constitutional History," ii. 169.

¶ Ibid. (from Lords' Report, l. 118), ii. 168.

* Rational Theology, etc., i. 168, 169.

in England from what it meant elsewhere.*

How can the clergy in general be an "estate of the realm," and the bishops sitting in Parliament, the "lords spiritual," be called, in our authoritative law-books, by that very same title? As the historical facts cannot be disputed, we are driven to the conclusion that the term is used by lawyers inaccurately, or at least unhistorically, and that they mean by "estates of the realm" "estates in Parliament," an expression which has become current in modern times.

The way in which the clergy dropped out of the position in the Constitution which Edward I. vainly attempted to assign to them, is too well known to require repetition here; the fact is enough that they did so drop out, and that the prelates, who, as *sapientes*, were councillors of the sovereign, and as barons (so reckoned in the Constitutions of Clarendon) sat in the House of Lords, gradually and insensibly came to be reckoned as the representatives of the clergy, though they were not elected by them. Such has been the tendency of our government from the earliest ages. In Anglo-Saxon times the position of the bishop in the county courts and Witenagemote made him a great State officer; and this position, though changed in form by the establishment of the Courts Christian, was rather magnified than diminished in Norman and Plantagenet times. The popes, quite as much as the sovereigns of England, found their account in ruling the clergy through the bishops in a summary fashion, and the constant rivalry of the monastic and mendicant orders still further added to the political depression of the secular priesthood. The Tudor period emphasized these relations of the episcopate to the clergy; † for the bishops, during the Tudor dictatorship (excluding of course Mary's short reign), could only be selected from the ranks of those who heartily accepted the Reformation; while the mass of the clergy offered more or less resistance to a movement which proceeded either from the superior powers of Church and State, or from those vehement reformers of the middle and lower classes with whom they had little sympathy.

Besides, then, this character of practical representation the bishops appeared in Parliament as guardians of the Church,

"guardians of the Spiritualities," *ne quid ecclesia detrimenti capiat*, as is proved by the fact that the dean and chapter are summoned during the vacancy of a see, and that the bishops of the newer creations, though no barons, are summoned equally with the rest. And here we distinguish a cause of the changed political position of the bishops, which, at and after the Reformation, grew up side by side with their more distinct representative position. This has never been sufficiently observed. It was this difference between the baronial tenure of the ancient bishops and abbots, and the non-baronial tenure of Henry VIII.'s and subsequent bishops, together with the suppression of the abbots and their seats in Parliament, which, probably, led to the forfeiture by the bishops of the baronial privileges of the lords temporal, though the seat in the same house with them was retained. It was as barons that they shared the judicial functions of that house; but, having themselves objected to exercise the right of judging in criminal cases, and at the same time being diminished in number, and not all alike barons, they were held to be only quasi peers of the realm; or, as it got to be expressed, peers in Parliament. Instead of being tried by their peers they are tried, as we know, like commoners by jury, and have to give their testimony upon oath. Thus while the clergy were more and more lost, politically, in the episcopate, the bishops themselves took up, relatively to the other branches of the body politic, a lower position than of old.

But if not peers of the realm, nor an estate of the realm, in the full and proper sense, does this make the lords spiritual any the more an "estate in Parliament"? Not a bit. But the above limitations may have had a tendency to favor the adoption of the phrase; and it must be remembered that the clergy, having retained their right of self-taxation up to the period of the Restoration, were still considered an estate in convocation; for the term "estate" was always connected principally, though not altogether, with the exercise of taxing power. As the bishops in Parliament were distinct from this "estate" in convocation, the idea of an "estate in Parliament" seemed in a rough way to signify the anomalous position of lords spiritual who were already only "peers in Parliament," as opposed to peers of the realm. It must have been in some such way that the phrase, which is radically incorrect, came to be customary.

To add to the confusion existing on this

* Freeman's "Growth of the English Constitution," p. 88. Mr. Freeman is wrong in speaking of the clergy as "the second estate," p. 88.

† E.g., Statutes 24 & 25 Hen. VIII.

point, a "republican conceit," as Roger North terms it,* obtained circulation in the seventeenth century that the sovereign was himself one of the three estates of the realm. Readers of Clarendon * must have been astonished to find that even Lord Falkland fell into this error. Soon after he became secretary of state he and Colepepper drew up an answer, in the name of the king, to the Nineteen Propositions of the Parliament, and in this paper the king, lords, and commons are called the three estates, whereas, says Clarendon, "in truth the Bishops make the Third Estate." The king submitted the paper to Hyde, who would not print it. Falkland was angry with his friend for thus suppressing his handiwork, but Hyde having informed him of the reason, he at once expressed his regret, and

imputed [his mistake] to his own inadvertency and to the infusion of some lawyers who had misled Sir John Colepepper, and to the declarations which many of the prelatial clergy frequently and ignorantly made that the Bishops did not sit in Parliament as the representatives of the clergy, and so could not be the Third Estate.

This is a very suggestive passage as to the three estates. Here is a secretary of state, of immense learning, and of such devotion to the Constitution and the episcopate that he has "set his life upon the cast" for king and bishops in the tremendous struggle which has now commenced, utterly forgetting that either clergy or bishops were an estate of the realm or estate of Parliament, and inserting "from inadvertency" what "some lawyers" had told his coadjutor, who was, indeed, a rough, soldierly man, not likely to be perfectly conversant with the Constitution. It is evident that the lawyers, or some of them, were very imperfectly acquainted with the history of England; but his second excuse is still more interesting to us, for it shows that not only some of the lawyers, but some of the clergy themselves, had repudiated, as early as 1642, the claim of the bishops to represent the clergy in Parliament as an estate of the realm. In so doing they were, no doubt, technically right. Whether in the later and secondary sense above mentioned, the bishops were, as Clarendon said, a third estate, depends on how far we may consider custom to have by that time hardened into law; but the "prelatial clergy" were able to adduce three indisputable facts on their side.

The bishops, not being elected by the clergy, were not representatives of the clergy; they had no veto on the proceedings of the temporal peers — the very essence of an "estate," and the clergy did at that time (not after the Restoration) sit in *convocation* for taxing purposes as an estate of the realm, though they had no place in Parliament as legislators.

Thus the case was hardly so clear as Clarendon thought; and Falkland had more excuse than he himself claimed for dropping the bishops out of the category of the three estates of the realm. But he was inexcusable for allowing the king to be inserted in their place. It was tempting to make up the number "three" in this manner; but the sovereign never had been considered an "estate," for the simple reason that it was his business to "rule all estates and degrees committed to his charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal."* He is a component portion of Parliament. "I am a part of Parliament," said, with perfect propriety, Charles the First; but an estate is an order or body of men.

On no mediæval [or other] theory of government could the king be regarded as an estate of the realm. He was supreme in idea, if not in practice; the head, and not a limb, of the body politic; the impersonation of the majesty of the kingdom, not one of several co-ordinate constituents.†

It is easy to see what an advantage this "republican conceit" gave to those Parliamentarians who still professed to respect the Constitution. If the king were only one of three estates, it might be argued that the concurrence of two out of the three, viz., the lords and commons (however little they might truly represent those orders at the time, for this might be put aside), was enough to overbear the resistance of the third. But when the sovereign is allowed his legitimate place above, and yet inseparable from, the estates in Parliament, all proceedings of Parliament are illegal without him. This is the Constitution, and it brings matters at a crisis to their true issue — the issue of the Revolution of 1688. To pretend that a Parliament can make war upon the king is wholly contrary to the Constitution; but the country having, in the best manner available at the moment, deposed a sovereign who obstinately breaks the laws, and establishes a successor, is then free,

* Examen, p. 222.

† Life and Continuation, i. 155.

* Article xxxvii.

† Stubbs' Const. Hist., ii. 168.

if such a necessity should ever arise, as in the case of James the Second, to act through its legally constituted Parliament.

Instead, then, of attempting to force an interpretation of the Constitution which might suit the ancient tradition of an assembly of three estates of the realm, but which was utterly alien to the Constitution, and incorrect in every respect, it was open to Constitutional writers either, at once to give up the theory of a representation of three estates of the realm in Parliament, and to admit that they had practically, in the course of ages, been reduced to two, the lords spiritual being merged in the lords temporal, and the bishops merely sitting in respect of their baronies as far as they still held them, and also as *sapientes* and guardians of the Church, which was the view to which Blackstone,* as distinguished from his commentators, himself leant; or else it was open to them to invent a sort of *tertium quid*, the appellation of which we have already spoken, the term "estate in Parliament." This last may be said on the whole to have prevailed, and it is perhaps the nearest approach to a fact; though the word "estate" suggests, and always will suggest, the erroneous inference that the bishops are an "estate of the realm," which they are not, except by a gross and unhistorical fiction. They are an order, class, or rank, and are in that respect an estate; but not with any ancient claim to that title, like the peers of the realm, or the estate of the commons, though the old baronial bishops were no doubt peers of the realm, and inseparable from the peers in their civil capacity. If the lawbooks, which speak with so much decision on this point, still designate the bishops in Parliament as "an estate of the realm," we must, then, only consider it as a modern adaptation, destitute of real authority, of an ancient term which once had a very different meaning; and if, on the other hand, a Constitutional position is claimed, as it often is nowadays, for the clergy in general as an estate of the realm, we must remind those who use it that all practical meaning has passed away from the phrase, and that it passed away many ages ago. Applied to the clergy as clergy, the term is a mere bit of antiquarianism. But no one who understands

the Constitution can admit that the right of the clergy to be heard by representation in matters concerning the doctrine and discipline of the Church is affected by the fact that the term which is sometimes erroneously held to confer that right, has become obsolete. That right rests on other and far stronger grounds, which need not be discussed in this place.

Nor is the right of the bishops to their seat in the House of Lords the least affected by the above considerations; still less the justice and propriety of the place thus assigned to them by the Constitution. Their right is as old as that of the sovereign and the peers, older than that of the commons. Justice and propriety demand it as long as the Church is established. As Falkland so keenly felt, where it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change. It is not our business here to consider the various aspects of this question from the modern point of view; we are regarding it from the Constitutional side, and in relation to the opinions of the great man whose career we have been considering. To him, when he had rallied from the effects of the oppression which he labored to remedy, the seat of the bishops in the House of Lords presented itself as part and parcel of the compact between Church and State, the privilege granted in return for the sacrifice of independence made by the Church, the guarantee that the power exercised by the State should not be perverted to the injury of the Church, the channel by which the consent of the Church should be given to laws which affected her external state and condition. To him this symbol of compact, this guarantee against perversion, this channel of consent, was none the less real because undefined, none the less valuable because it had been abused, none the less vital to the Constitution because anomalous and unsymmetrical. That the expulsion of the bishops from Parliament proved to be the immediate precursor of revolution and anarchy is the best commentary on the sagacity which led Falkland to break with his party on this precise question, as it is also on the imprudence with which he allowed himself, in the first burst of his reforming enthusiasm, to listen on this same question to the counsels of Pym, Fiennes, and Hampden. Nor is the lesson of the great Rebellion, in connection with this subject, without its special application to our own day. But here we stop.

Our object will have been attained if we have shown that we may learn something

* "And from this want of a separate assembly and separate negative of the prelates some writers have argued very cogently that the Lords Spiritual and Temporal are only one estate, which is unquestionably true in every effectual sense, though the ancient distinction between them still nominally continues." — Archbold's Blackstone, i. 156.

even from the mistakes of a most remarkable man. That he made fewer mistakes than any one except Hyde, in the most critical and difficult period of English history, is perhaps the highest tribute we can pay him; for as it was the maxim of our greatest modern general that this was the only title to supreme praise in the art of war, so also it is still more true in civil strife. But at any rate let us take him as we find him, not attempting to build an ideal palace for our hero, but recognizing him in the place where he placed himself, along with the friends of Oxford and Great Tew, who shared his principles and admired his acts, with Hyde, Sheldon, and Hammond, the types of the statesman, the ecclesiastical politician, and the divine, who may most fairly stand out as representative of English Church and State in the seventeenth century. No party badges, no nicknames, no misapplied watchwords, can obscure the fact that the line taken by these men, along with Falkland, was that on which we have moved — moved forward, indeed — but moved ever since, the true *via media* of the English Constitution and the English Church; and in honoring by a monument the brilliant soldier-student whose romantic life and death we have noticed, England is doing honor to herself.

From Good Words.

DORIS BARUGH.

A YORKSHIRE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER II.

ROSE.

WHAT is the instinct which tells us that loving thoughts are with us — that loving words are spoken of us, or written to us; nay, which even heralds the approach of some dearly-loved friend, and when the thought of us is deep and more special makes us conscious of soothing and help in a subtle and inexplicable way? This spiritual or electric wave touched George Barugh as Rica's interest in him deepened; and as Doris only spoke of her friend vaguely, George grew up in ignorance of this sweet new sisterly love that had ripened for him; and when the tide of instinctive feeling flowed warmly into his bosom he said to himself, —

"Doris is thinking of me. How dearly Doris loves me!"

At such times the boy's generous heart was full of self-reproach. He knew that he had often chosen Rose Duncombe as a playfellow instead of Doris, and he felt that even when his sister came back it would be hard to give Rose up for Doris.

Rose had spent part of every day with him during the first two years of his illness, and these visits had grown to be a part of his life. At first Mrs. Barugh had tried to keep Rose away, she said that "George must learn to speak properly against Doris came home," but the boy craved after his playfellow, and at last the mother yielded, the doctor having told Mr. Spencer, the vicar, that Rose's visits were as good as change of air and scene to his patient; for the disease which had appeared with such apparent suddenness had been latent in the system, and there was little hope of perfect cure; even if George outgrew it, he could scarcely hope to outgrow the lameness it had produced, for at the end of two years one leg was shorter than the other.

But then came a heavy trial for George. Joseph Sunley was a kindly man, folks said, but he dearly loved his prerogatives. He had been petted by the squires of Burneston for three generations, and it seemed hard to him that new-comers like the Barughs should absorb the attention and interest which he felt were due to him.

Ever since Doris had gone away to school in London — and Joseph always looked sceptical on this point — the squire, during his occasional visits to Burneston, went more often to the Church Farm than anywhere else.

"He's nae gotten t' same head-piece as his fayther an' his grandfayther had, ah suppose." Joseph was sitting in his usual place at his cottage door, where he now often found a companion, for the kitchen felt dull without Rose, and Mrs. Duncombe brought her knitting to the door while her grandchild sat with George. She nodded her head, but it was all one to Joseph whether she heard or not; he was far too much accustomed to preaching to need an audience.

"He'll nae settle at Burneston. He's here yan day, an' t' neeit he's away te Lunnon, or mebbe Paariss. T' only wise thing 'at he hev done sin he coom back fra travellin' war puttin' t' lahle lad te skeeal. Skeeal's t' making o' yung 'uns, let 'em be big or lahle. Ah say, missus" — he leaned forward to shout in the old woman's ear — "when is ye thinkin' o' puttin' t' lass te skeeal?"

The old woman's smooth full face looked troubled, and her large double chin wagged.

"Ah've nae thowt o' sendin' 'er ageean," she said querulously; "t' skeeal-teacher said sheea did neeah gude—sheea nob-but made t' ither lasses laff when thea sud be, sewin'; an' ah war vexed an' took 'er away. Sheea's fowerteen now—she's over awd fer t' skeeal."

Joseph shook his head.

"Sheea mun gan wi' sum 'un 'at 'll keep 'er tighter than what ye deea, ye awd feeal, mebbe sheea'll gan te t' divvil else—sheea's just t' soart is Rose; sheea's as ahdell as a alligator." Then projecting his old dark withered chin, and bringing it into striking contrast with the blond, easy-going face beside him, "Bon it! ye' mun send t' lass away fra Burneston. Ye cann't larn 'er to wark here; sheea'll spend mair an' mair o' 'er time wi' t' sick lad. My word, ye hevn't seea mitch brass, neegher, 'at ye can keep Rose loake a leeady."

Mrs. Duncombe's chin waggled, and she began to cry.

"Neeah, neeah," she said piteously; "skeealin' costs brass, it deean't save it; an' wheer'll be t' use o' seea mitch skeeal te t' lass?"

"Ah knaws t' skeeal fer Rose." Joseph spoke oracularly. "At Steersley ther's t' skeeal wheer sik a lass as Rose 'll larn te get 'er own livin' by teeachin'. They takes 'er and larns 'er, an' after a bit sheea teeaches t' lahtle lasses; an' theer's nut ower mitch te pay; an' if sheea stays win 'em t' three years, they finds 'er t' pleeace as teeacher, seea noo ye knaws."

He waited for an answer, but Mrs. Duncombe sat thinking, and her easy face grew stiff in the unusual process. Rose was a trouble, but she was loving, so loving that the grandmother could not summon courage to send her away.

"Neeah, neeah," she said weakly, in a struggling voice, as if she were trying to get free from a strong grasp, "mebby she'll larn mischief at t' skeeal, an' she'll get nae ill fra t' sick lad."

Instead of answering, Joseph looked straight before him, and spoke in his loud-est, strongest voice.

"Caps me, it diz, wheea God A'mighty made t' lasses, so ther. Theer's need fer summat female ah knaws, bud a few on 'em wad hev done; an' they needn't hev had as mitch tongue as t' lads; an' ah aims if you war to leak fer't ye'd find a lass had twice seea many roots tiv 'er tongue as 'at a lad hev. It's 'at as keeps

it waggin' feeal's notions." Then shouting in his companion's ear, or more truly through the net of her frill-bordered cap,—

"For seear t' lad's nae harm in him, bud 'e cann't larn t' lass te keep 'ersel when ye're deead an' gone, an' 'at's what a laakely lass like Rose sud larn. Put her te manty makker, or mak her a teeacher if ye pleease, it's all yan to me," he said loftily, and went on in his usual voice. "T' ane puts vanity outside, an' t' ither puts it inside t' 'ead o' t' lahtle lasses. Weel, theea're made fer 't. Ah tak it follies mun hev owners, an' mebby t' lasses wur made t' help t' peacock spread his teal—theea keeps him in mind o' ov Sunda's."

The old woman wiped her eyes, but did not answer. Joseph saw that for the present he must give up the subject, but next day he found a potent ally in Rose herself.

The grandmother had poured out Joseph's suggestion to Rose with many tears, and, to her surprise, the girl announced her willingness, and indeed her wish, to go to the Steersley school.

"Ah's tired o' Burneston," Rose said; to herself she added, "ther's nobbott George to speak wiv, an' he's dull noo he can't gan nuttin' nor nowt; and ah aims ther's shops in Steersley, an' grandmother mun gi'e me new frocks gin ah gans te board-in'-skeeal."

So Rose had her way, and went to Steersley to be educated for a nursery governess. The boarding-school was kept by an ignorant woman, who, having once been housekeeper in a gentleman's family, though herself qualified to teach; by means of an artificial manner modelled on a good pattern she had managed to get under her care most of the farmer's daughters round Steersley, and a few girls from other districts whom she took at a cheaper rate, and whom, as she asserted in her prospectus, she fitted for teachers. Rose grew prettier and perter every day, but she managed to be a universal favorite, especially among the little ones she was set to teach. Her fellow-teachers were always willing to undertake her duties, and left her plenty of time to practise affectations and follies. Still in her holidays she was as devoted as ever to George, and he saw no change in her, except the improvement in her reading and the pleasure she gave him by singing the pretty songs she learned from her richer school-fellows. She did not learn much besides, except what she considered an improved way of speaking, that is to say, she lost much of the coun-

try dialect and quaint expressions, and picked up the vulgarisms of some of her southern schoolfellows. George had at first pined after his playfellow, and his mother took him to the sea for a while. The air had a wonderful effect both on mind and body. The boy's eyes, so long obliged to content themselves with the surroundings of his own home, devoured all he saw with delighted intelligence, and when he came back his face was full of life and color, and he could walk with a stick.

Mr. Burneston gave him books, and, what he wanted most of all, sympathy in his studies, and between these and the delight of Rose's holidays his life passed happily enough. The bond between him and his mother had drawn closer during Rose's absence; and now that the three years were over and the girl was to come home for a few months, Mrs. Barugh felt some pangs of fear lest her place in her son's heart should be taken from her.

He had been very fidgety this afternoon.

"Moother, is thee sear 'at's t' best nosegay 'at thee can find i' t' garden?" to which the fond mother's answer was to go out and gather a glorious group of autumn leaves, crimson, and scarlet, and purple, and yellow of every shade, from palest gold to tawniest orange. These she placed in a little flower-basket, one of Rose's gifts, beside the nosegay of China asters on George's book-table.

But even this attention did not satisfy him, though he got up, and, limping across to his mother, kissed her and thanked her.

"Flowers and leaves don't suit side by side," he said, "'cept t' leaves is green." Then when he came back to his seat he said, half aloud, as if talking to himself, "It seems ower gude news, don't it, mother, 'at Rose is comin'—we'll see her ivvery day?"

Mrs. Barugh bent over her knitting. She looked far less delicate, and she led a more active life; even the sound of her voice told of better health.

"I don't know about that, lad," she said gravely. "Rose 'ull never be able to stay at home, unless she takes to t' dressmakin', an' there's two or three before her there. I suppose Mrs. Duncombe ain't got enough brass to keep a likely lass such as Rose at home doin' naught. If she meant that, what for did she give her school-in'?"

"She went to school to get clevver like our Doris; eh, but, mother, Rose is

growin' vaary 'cute—she knows ivvery-thing."

"You must not think of Doris and Rose i' the same breath, lad. Doris is a lady now."

A flush spread over the boy's face.

"Moother, Rose is kind an' lovin', an' I don't know whether 'ats not as gude as being a laady, but d'ye really think 'at Rose 'ell go fra' home?" he looked full of anxiety. "Mr. Burneston helped pay for her schooling. I'll ask him if she mun go away, or if she can get little lasses to learn at home."

Dorothy felt vexed that she had troubled him. George was the centre of her life now, all her thoughts circled round her poor crippled boy.

"I mean nought, lad, but I think a pretty face like Rose's won't bide at home for long. Why, she's seventeen an' past. Maybe Nicholas Crewe or Ephraim Wigglesworth 'll be wanting her to wed; they're both marryin' men."

George leaned back in his chair and sighed wearily.

"Ye're tired out, lad." His mother gave him a quick glance full of a new and sudden fear. Though she consulted her wise thoughtful son, and looked up to him on all intellectual subjects, till this moment it had not occurred to her that he was nearly eighteen, and that he might no longer think of Rose only as a playfellow. "Ye've been afoot," she said, with a sudden indignation against his lameness, "on that poor stupid leg of yours since six o'clock, and ye've ate no dinner, an' ye must have yer tea at once—get on the couch, lad, an' take a wink o' sleep whiles I make the kettle boil."

George obeyed silently, turning his face towards the wall, and Dorothy went on with the tea-making; but presently as she stooped over the kettle, she thought she heard a groan. She turned round quickly and looked at the couch. George lay quite still, seemingly sound asleep with his face buried on his pillow.

"Poor lad," said Dorothy, "he's tired himself out—and a good thing it 'ud be for Rose if a steady chap like Nicholas were to ask her. I've a mind t' put it in his head."

She went away to call her husband in to tea. The husband and wife had drawn closer together over the sick-bed. As her footsteps sounded in the passage George opened his eyes and looked round him with eager burning glances.

"Rose—marry some one else," he said, with passionate scorn, "Rose is

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mine, sheea shall keep to me. Sheea hev always been mine." And then, as he rose up and limped across the floor, he sighed heavily.

Tea was quickly over, for John Barugh did not come in, and soon after Dorothy went out with a sort of vague purpose of seeking Nicholas Crewe. "If our lad wants her to stay i' the village she must stay, but she'd best have a man of her own."

Presently there was the click of the gate, and George's heart beat very fast as he listened; a light tread came on the gravel, and then a bird-like chirping voice said at the open door, "Please may I come in, Mrs. Barugh?" The wan wearied look left the boy's face, his brown eyes grew dark with happiness.

"Pull t' bobbin, an' t' latch will gan up, Rose Riding Hood. Eh! why can't I run to meet you?" he said, as the door opened before he could reach it.

There stepped down into the room a pretty, coquettish-looking damsel, who looked quite twenty, though she was really about three years younger. Her complexion was as pink and as white as when we first saw her, but her freckles had disappeared, and her face was more oval than round, her blue eyes and her little turn-up nose were still as saucy as ever.

"Grumbling, George, oh fie for shame, all t' little dogs shall know yer name!" She gave her head a little toss, and untied the strings of a gay bonnet covered with artificial roses. "I thought I taught you to say go instead o' gan," she said pertly.

George was taking her hand, but she drew it back to pull off a glove before she shook hands with him.

"Gloves, eh! Rose, lass, you're grown a fine lady, an' no mistake."

"I pay for 'em myself," she spoke sharply, and then she softened into a smile as she seated herself in the chair he had placed for her. "Look here, George," she said, "we put on our best on prize-day, an' as I got a prize," she glanced at a book under her arm, "I came away in haste to show it just as I wer i' my Sunday clothes, an' —"

"Show us the prize," George said eagerly; "is it a gude story?"

Her face clouded as she gave him the book. "Nay, it's dull readin', it's a sermon or something o' t' sort, but t' pictures is pretty an' t' outside," and she pointed to the gilt lettering and scarlet binding.

Such a glow of pleasure came into his face as he read the title, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"Eh, lass, I have wanted this sorely. T'awd yan ther" — he pointed to a dingy-looking bookshelf with some old volumes on it — "hev only two pages at t' beginnin', an' half o' t' middle is torn out, and Mr. Burneston hev oft sed he'd lend it me fra t' Hall, but I suppose he forgot. Oh, Rose, how happy we'll be readin' this!"

He looked at her with glowing eyes, but there was no sympathy in Rose's face, she was gaping unrestrainedly.

"I tell ye what, George, lad," she said hurriedly, "I'se a mind t' gie ye t' book. I've got to like another sort o' books this half, an' I'm not sure they'll please you; so ye shall hev t' Pilgrim to read yourself. Will ye take it as a keepsake?"

The glow faded out of his eyes. "I can't take yer prize, Rose, but ye'll come an' see me as ye used to," he spoke timidly, something, he could not name the feeling, seemed to come between him and Rose.

"Com an see ye! why, George, lad," she said heartily, "what d'ye mean by sayin' that? What sud I do all day if I didn't come t' teaze ye a bit? An' ye can walk again now, an' if ye'll like my books, I'll read 'em out t' ye; they's t' sort that don't bear dawdlin' over, they goes along like lightning."

George fixed his eyes on her earnestly. "I doubt they'se none so safe as t' gude old sort," he said.

"Niver trouble about t' books," said Rose, "I want to tell ye about t' prizes. Why, Mrs. Tower, t' squire's wife, gies 'em away herself, an' ther wer lots o' quality besides. She's a bonny young lady from Lunnon, she is, an' she said ivver so many pretty things to me."

"What do ye mean by pretty things?"

"Oh, I don't call to mind the words, but they came so pat; an' the things, well, she sed that bright red an' gold was the right sort of bindin' for me. Now t' others was plain bindin's, an' plain lasses got 'em. So of course it wer easy t' see what she meant, an' then I heeard her say my complexion was wonderful. She said, 'I sud like to paint it, Mrs. Jones;' so of course I wer pleased."

"Of course ye wer," she looked so bright and pretty in her animation that George thought no one could praise her too much. "Ye do look bonny; but, Rose, lass, ye wadn't like ivvery one te praise ye, wad ye now?" He looked at her earnestly, she seemed puzzled.

"Why not, lad?"

"Ah mean to yer face, ye wadn't like any kind o' lads to praise ye."

Don't say "ah," George, it's I. Why, my gracious, lad, an' why not lads to praise me? What else wer I made fer? That's t' use o' not havin' a real sweet-heart, an' that's why I don't mean to take up with one yet awhile; —" and she sang in a sweet teasing voice, —

"An' a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
An' what the waur am I?"

There was a silence. George's heart was throbbing so violently that he could not speak.

"Weel, lad," Rose went on in an excited tone, "look at me, 'what the waur am I?' an' there's plenty o' likely lads in Steersley, I can tell ye, to have fun with."

She waited for his answer.

"Why don't ye answer?" she said pettishly. "Come, lad, ye'se grown sulky while I've been away."

"Not sulky, Rose," he had flushed at her words, now he tried to smile, "I was wonderin' howivver ye could get on wiv yer learning at school if ye war carryin' on wiv t' lads."

"Bless him, what an innocent! Why, George, lad, yer too good to live; ye forgit playtime an' our walks two an' two along the road, an' t' maid as was allays ready to take our letters an' giv 'em; but ther was no harm, lad, don't you be feared, I niver cared for ne'er a one of 'em as much as I care for you." She looked at him affectionately, but a faint flush, rather of vexation than of pleasure, rose in the boy's face.

"Mebbe ye'll think ah'm strict and solemn, lass, but ah say that makes it worse. Ye may not care, but ye may hev made some poor lad right mad wi' luv for ye; an' such ways is wrong, they makes t' lads speaks lightly of ye too. I sud not like to think o' Doris doin' so, Rose, and ye're as good as Doris."

"Doris!" Rose grew very red, and she tossed her head angrily. "My word, Doris an' I is quite different; Doris is a lady, you know," she said, with a pert mimicry of Mrs. Barugh's manner that vexed him, it was so like. "I'm only a village lass. It's all very well, lad, but I should like ye to read how some ladies carries on i' t' books I reads now; my way is nothing after that, so there. I must go now," she got up gaping. "Grandmother said I weren't to stop. Give my love to yer mother." But she turned round on her way to the door and shook her finger in his face as he followed her, "Don't tell her nought I've told you, mind ye, not one

word." She frowned, and then went away laughing and nodding.

George stretched out both legs and sighed as he looked at them: one was at least half an inch shorter than the other.

"Ah mun get well," he said resolutely, "if it's only to save Rose. She'll get a bad name if she goes on i' that way; she'll be just like a plum wi' t' bloom rubbed off. She's sound-hearted, I know, that I'll niver doubt, I cudden; but ther's no puttin' t' bloom on once it's rubbed off. Eh! I must get well."

Again the burning longing filled his eyes. Usually his patience was most remarkable, he had borne severe suffering without a word of complaint; but the sight of Ross had unhinged him.

"She disn't luv me as ah luv her," he said bitterly; "how can she luv a cripple?"

CHAPTER III.

A "COO'S" HEART.

FROM Gilbert Raine in the Island of Bornholm, to Philip Burneston, at Burneston Hall: —

"MY DEAR PHILIP, — I am getting on famously, at the same time the book you sent is full of mistakes — mistakes only to be understood by the hypothesis that the writer never visited the places he describes. The round churches here are wonderfully curious. I send you a detailed account in order. . . .

"But to come back to England, and first to you. A sentence here and there in your letters has struck me curiously, but being very intent on making my observations, I confess I read hastily, and crammed the letters into my pocket to enjoy when I had more leisure. Yesterday while I sat taking my lunch in the middle of a hard morning's work at some stones at G——, I began to wonder how you were occupying yourself, and I took out and read your three last letters over again. You say, 'I think your idea of educating a wife for oneself excellent, so excellent that I believe I shall adopt it,' and in each of the other letters you refer seriously to the same project. Perhaps you are only joking, perhaps too I have been living and working seriously here for so many months that I have got to take everything literally, and you are only trying to see how much you can make me swallow. I will hope so, for you know, Phil, I always speak my mind, whether you like it or not. A fellow like me, without any relations to

“speak of but yourself, may do very much what he likes; but you are in quite another position, you must not be eccentric, you are a match for any one, that is, if you must marry again, though why a man having achieved the chief end of marriage—an heir to his possessions—and having freed himself from the restraints of such a life, should want to give up his freedom a second time, passes my comprehension. Education is a fine thing, but after all there are habits and ways of life which education does not touch; you may put on as much outside varnish as you like, but it is liable to crack, and then the coarse texture shows through the rent. Good-bye, old fellow; don’t be offended, but write again soon, and send me all the news you can, specially about yourself and Ralph. I suppose I shall find the fellow in tails and stick-ups, no, I forgot Eton practices when I wrote that. I’m glad he loves the old place. Tell him we must have cricket at Burneston when I come home.” . . .

It has been said already that Mr. Burneston was as obstinate on certain points as he was yielding on others. If he had wanted any confirmation in his intentions about Doris Barugh, this letter would have given it.

He read it through twice with increasing impatience, and then turning round from the breakfast-table, he threw it in the fire.

“I thought Raine was strong-minded, different from other men, in being able to stand to his own opinions, no matter what fire of world’s judgment was brought to bear on them. I shall have no tolerance for his eccentricities in future, they are not signs of real originality, merely affectations to save himself the trouble of conforming to rules.”

He rose up and left his breakfast unfinished, giving thereby a fruitful topic of wondering comment for the rest of the day to Mr. and Mrs. Hazelgrange as to “what could have gone wrong wi’ t’ maister.”

During these five years Mr. Burneston’s temper had been far less equable than it had ever been in his life, for although nothing would have made him give up his project, after the first step had been taken, he was a prey to fits of doubt which would not have troubled a stronger and less-impulsive nature. He had resolved not to see Doris while she was at school, he wished entirely to blot out the past relations between them, and to meet the girl

as an equal and try to win her love. This was the chief source of his disquiet, and it was a puzzle to himself. He was not a romantic man, he had been fascinated by Doris’s first appearance, and impressed by the strange fortuitousness of the words he had heard her singing; but he knew that he could have forgotten her, it was the singular appositeness of Raine’s idea that had seemed to make a fate for him out of that chance meeting.

“I did not trouble about being married for myself in Louisa’s case,” he said; “why should it be more difficult to make a young creature like Doris care for me, a girl who has never known society or received any attention or admiration? Yes, that is part of the beauty of this idea, that there will be nothing to unlearn or eradicate, she will be so perfectly guileless and simple.”

He went out through the doors leading on to the lawn, and then with his hands clasped behind his back, and his hat pulled over his eyes, he walked beside the river.

The five years were just over, and he was in daily expectation that John Barugh would demand his daughter’s return. Mr. Burneston had not committed himself by any direct avowal of his intentions; he had told the farmer and his wife that Doris ought to have a good education. She was not, he said, an ordinary girl, and the ordinary education of a country town was not enough for her, and he had promised to provide handsomely for her if he were allowed to choose a school for her, but on the condition that she was never to be told she owed him anything.

His dread had been that the idea of marriage might suggest itself, and that this would lower the girl’s tone of mind, and defeat all his hopes of happiness. He told himself he was not romantic, that he had no idea of inspiring Doris with violent love for him, but he did not want her to marry him for his position only.

“After all,” he stopped in his walk and turned to his house again, “it is quite possible I may be disappointed in her, and I certainly shall not marry for the mere sake of taking a wife. I have educated her, and I will settle such a sum on her as will make her independent of her father and mother.”

He had determined on one point in this long meditation. Doris should not make her first appearance at Burneston. When she met him again there should be nothing to remind her of the girl swinging on the gate.

He went round the house, and out at the great gates, and then on beside the river till he reached the foot of the village, where another bridge, a rough one of open planks, crossed to the meadows opposite.

Joseph Sunley was leaning against one of the posts at the end of the bridge, with a very weary look on his face, but seeing Mr. Burneston, he started forward.

"Neea, neea, squire; bud if ah'd aimed ye be coomin' oop this way, mebbe ah'd hev bided atop, instead o' gien' mysel' t' clim back. My legs iz no' that strong 's they wur."

"Good-day, Joseph." Joseph had been far too much excited to remember any greeting. Were you coming to see me?"

"Weel, I wur that; an' it's summat perticler 'rt mun be spoke aboot, wivoot loss o' time nowther. T' things gans on an' on, an' gets fra bad te worse, just as a corn grows on t' fut, an' its a' fer want o' settin' streight."

Mr. Burneston felt impatient.

"Well, what is it, Joseph?" he said carelessly.

"Bon it, squire! it's nut like a nail oot o' pleace, or a withered tree 'at sud be uprooted; mebbe in a way, 't is a withered shoot 'at sud be lopped off a healthy body; bud it's a evil 'at sud hev been stopped sooner gin ye'd been at t' Hall, Maister Burneston." He said this reproachfully.

"Well, I'm here now," the squire answered good-humoredly; "so let me hear it at once, Joseph."

"T' hearin' nowt — it's t' doin' 'at is wantin', unless ye wants te see devvel wark spread ower t' village like a curse." He shook his head, but the effort, at mystery in his face weakened the effect of his words.

"Weel, Sunley, I can do nothing until I hear something." And Mr. Burneston looked impatiently towards the village.

"Well," Joseph sighed, "d' ye mind t' awd uncanny lass Prudence, wi' a crooked e'e an' yan shoulder higher 'an t' ither?"

"Oh, yes, I remember her; she's a queer body. What about her — is she dead?"

Joseph shook his head, and then looked at the squire with slight contempt; this expression was, however, transient, and it was soon lost in the sort of officious mystery with which he had at first accosted Mr. Burneston.

"Neea, neea, *sheea's*" — with much emphasis — "not deead, sike as sheea deean't dee." He held up both hands with the palms outward, his face wearing a look of abhorrence, as at some awful

spectacle. "It's t' ither way wi' t' witches — they dissen't dee if they's nut called te t' reckonin' fer mischief — it's t' ithers 'at dees."

Mr. Burneston laughed. He had heard that a belief in witchcraft still lingered in the village, but secretly he was shocked to find it upheld by such a person as Joseph Sunley.

"Nonsense, Joseph, that's all very well for old women to believe, but men like you and me know better. Just because this wretched old woman has a bad temper and an ugly face, no one likes her, but this very circumstance ought to make you pity her, — a sensible man like you." He said the last words extra loud, and though Joseph still frowned, his lips relaxed at the compliment. He laid his wrinkled hand solemnly on Mr. Burneston's shoulder.

"Yer too gud te see it, sir. Parson oop at t' vicarage" — he jerked his head towards the hill — "Lord luv ye, he ain't a mossel o' sense i' t' matter; an' ah says t' him, 'Parson, ye knaws aboot iveren an' all as gans on oop ther, an' mebbe ye knaws aboot t' ither pleace; but deean't gan for t' meddle with these yere earth matters, 'at ye knaws nowt aboot."

Mr. Burneston laughed, but he felt impatient.

"Well, Sunley, I'm going up the village" — Joseph's lips curled again — "and you can walk with me, and we'll talk this matter over. For what cause do you call poor old Dame Wrigley a witch?"

"Ye seys yes goin' thruft t' village; mebbe ye's bund te t' Church Farm? Eh! eh! an' it's Farmer Barugh 'at hev t' best reeght te call Prudence a witch."

It was so absurd to hear of such an idea being entertained by John Barugh, that Mr. Burneston laughed again, even more heartily than before.

"This is too much of a good thing, Sunley. I can't believe a man like Mr. Barugh would listen to such nonsense."

Joseph's face quivered with anger; he stopped short and raised his head stiffly, for in the uphill walk he had bent till his nose nearly touched the hand which grasped his stick.

"John Barugh's nut a feal, Maister Burneston, an' if he feels hissel' witched he's i' t' reeght te leak abrood an' seea wheea't be 'at hev warked t' mischief. He hev lost twee coos, an' there's a calf a dyin', an' he knaws, an' ah knaws, it's t' awd divvelskin's withered 'em fer spite."

Mr. Burneston thought he began to understand; he looked very serious.

"Do you mean to inform against this

woman, Prudence Wrigley, as having poisoned Mr. Barugh's cows?"

Joseph laughed scornfully.

"Lord luv ye, ye're nowt wahser ner parson, squire. T' witch works wivvout puzzom; sheea"—he looked cautiously up and down the hill, and then at the open doors and windows of two cottages perched on the steep green bank above the road—"bide a bit," he said, and walked on beside his companion.

A little higher up the houses stopped, giving place, on the left, to a lofty hedge on the top of the bank, and on the right to a low stone wall shutting in a paddock, in one corner of which stood a huge walnut-tree, its branches shedding gold and green leaves down into the road. In the midst of the grey wall was a large white gate, and Joseph limped quickly up to this and peered round the enclosure, to make sure that no listener was to be seen.

He then came close up to Mr. Burneston.

"If ye'll jist bend ye'r heead doon ah'll tell ye. Sik as sheea dizzent use puzzom; they's got puzzom i' t' inside on 'em. They gans an' gets a coo's heart—ah knaws Prudence did—an' they sticks it wi' pins, an' they buries it, an' they seys a damnable rhyme, an' in three days t' ither coo's deead as mutton; an' when they cuts t' poor beast open its heart's withered leeake a bit o' skin an' full o' small holes. So noo ye kens," he added triumphantly.

Mr. Burneston looked shocked and incredulous. "I tell you what, Joseph," he said earnestly, "you are about the oldest man in the village, and till now I have thought you one of the wisest. I tell you the thing's impossible; even if the poor creature thinks herself a witch, she can do nothing; she is most likely crazy, and you will drive her quite mad if you spread this ridiculous nonsense about the village, and I tell you, as a magistrate, I shall interfere to protect this woman, if I find any one molesting her."

He spoke severely, for Joseph's eyes were gleaming with a decidedly cruel expression.

They had just reached the top of the hill, and Mr. Burneston turned to the farmyard gate.

The action roused Joseph's jealousy and completely upset his self-control.

"An' ah seys 'tis magistrate's bounden dooty te stop t' witch's mischief, an' mob-but t' draw blood ill do't. Eh, an' if they 'at sud do it weean't do't, then it mun be done best way it can."

But Mr. Burneston paid no heed to

this outburst; he pushed open the white gate and went on to the rick-yard, leaving Joseph trembling with passion in the middle of the road.

John Barugh's tall, erect figure and massive red beard made him look like one of his stalwart Danish forefathers, as he stood against the light, contemplating the last of his newly-made ricks with some satisfaction, for there had been an exceptionally good harvest; but this satisfaction was soon over; his thoughts went back to their favorite subject of contemplation—his daughter Doris. He was growing very restless to see her. He had given a sad, unwilling consent to the separation; but then it was only to be for three years. At the end of that time Doris had herself asked for two years longer, and her father had not found himself able to refuse consent. "Ah war a feal te let her gan," he said bitterly; "bud yance a feal ah mun gan on wi' t' folly."

He had never forgiven Mr. Burneston for having as it were cheated his consent out of him, for he knew that if the request had been made to him alone he should have refused it. But Dorothy had been present, and had sided entirely with the squire, and as, except where marriage means complete union, husbands and wives seldom like others equally, John was conscious of a contradictory feeling towards his landlord, whom Dorothy held up as a model of perfection. The sight of Mr. Burneston always recalled to him his own weakness in yielding up his better judgment, and he felt constrained and ill at ease when they met.

He was stiff now in returning the squire's greeting.

"Ah war thinkin' of comin' awa' te speeak wi' you, Maister Burneston," he said coldly.

Mr. Burneston smiled.

"I dare say I am come about the same business. At least I fancied you would be going to fetch your daughter home, and I thought it would be better that she should not come back here at first."

The same thought had come to the father, and yet he felt irritated.

"Ah deean't see wheea not," he said, sullenly turning one shoulder awkwardly towards his visitor.

"Now, if Doris is what I hope and expect," said Mr. Burneston to himself, "she will not like this kind of behavior."

A slight flush rose to his face.

"Well, Mr. Barugh, you must of course do as you please, but I was thinking of

Doris. It seems to me in many ways pleasanter that your reunion should not take place in the midst of your neighbors. Mrs. Barugh said last time I was here that George was flagging again, and I thought of taking a cottage near Steersley, where you could be all to yourselves for a time."

John looked taller and prouder than ever.

"Ah'm obleeged, Maister Burneston, an' 'at's what ah'm nut fond o', bein' te onny man. Gin ah wants a cottage at Steersley, ah'll get it mysel' wivout troublin' ye, sir. It wur aboot summatt else 'at ah wur comin' awa' te t' Hall.

Mr. Burneston had grown fiery red, but he saw that remonstrance would provoke a quarrel.

"Ah wur comin'," said John, squaring his shoulders and stuffing his hands to the bottom of his pockets, "te speak aboot t' uncanny awd lass, Prudence Wrigley."

"Let her be," said Mr. Burneston. "For heaven's sake don't you join with that cruel old man opposite against the poor creature."

John gave a derisive smile; he could not control his irritation.

"Sheea's getten ye too, hev sheea, squire, as weel as parson? Weel, Satan's a cute chap, seear eneeaf, he knows how te set his limbs te wark; bud mark ye this, gin ah lose t'other coo—sheea's been sick sin t' mornin'—ah diz this, ah takes mah biggest cart-whip an' ah slashes t' owd divvel's feecae across till t' blood spirts, 'tis t' only cure," he said calmly.

"No, you won't," Burneston said earnestly; "you're too much of a man to strike a woman; now mayn't I come in?" He put his hand on the farmer's arm. "I want to have a talk with George. I envy you that lad, Mr. Barugh. I wish Ralph would take after him."

CHAPTER IV.

COMING HOME.

DORIS, in whom the hopes of both these men were so firmly centred, was looking forward to her new life at home, so near at hand, with keen interest, and at the same time with much shrinking.

It was a definite sign of the change wrought in her by culture, that she now shrank more from daily intercourse with her mother's artificial attempts at gentility, which, though really softened since Dorothy had lived George's life instead of her own, still lived in a somewhat exaggerated form in the letters which she sent

to her daughter. Doris had no shrinking from her father's roughness. She found full sympathy in his simplicity, and his perfect truth—for she saw that he never hid his opinions even when they clashed decidedly with her own.

"I shall get on with father, but then I always did, and mother is so kind that I must try not to get vexed with her. George is the one who puzzles me, he seems to have grown downright unreasonable. Rica is right when she says an invalid is sure to be full of fancies."

Her face was full of wounded feeling. Next to her father she loved George better than she loved any one, and though Doris was free from petty conceit, still school-life had taught her that she was some one who had a right to expect deference, and affection too, from her companions. Of the last she had had far more offered than she could possibly accept, and her dislike to demonstrative affection had given to her manner a slight haughtiness with most of her companions.

It has been said that the schoolmistress at Pelican House did not trouble herself about the inner life of her pupils, but she had a rapid perception of outward manner. She saw this haughtiness in Doris, and did not attempt to check it. She foresaw a brilliant future for this beautiful, well-mannered girl, and when she saw Doris walk away from some gushing schoolfellow, with her head rather higher than usual, Miss Phillimore smiled and thought, "She is learning to govern others," and probably, to use the language of the outside world, manner is one of the great essentials of a successful ruler.

There was another quality in Doris, to which even Miss Phillimore submitted without being aware that it had a far deeper source of life than could have been supplied to it at Pelican House.

Spite of this occasional haughtiness, at times almost *brusquerie*—spite of the quiet, unimpulsive manner which was sometimes called reserve, and sometimes a singular self-control, there was in Doris an irresistible fascination—the more difficult to strive against, because as it was never assumed or visibly put forth, there was nothing tangible to resist. Her smile was delightful, it seemed so heartfelt, and as it spread over her lovely face, irradiating the delicate skin and exquisitely perfect features, no one could stop to realize the strong power of will, that in this charming form drew all hearts to itself, and its own way of seeing things.

She was far more conscious of her sway

than strong-willed people often are, but she attributed this chiefly to her surroundings.

"You say I shall be so happy," she said to her friend on the last morning; "in some ways no doubt I shall be, but life will not be so peaceful at home as it is here. You are the only person in this house who ever finds fault with me."

They were to leave Pelican House together, and to say good-bye at the railway station, where their respective fathers would meet them; and now in the hour that must elapse before starting they were together in the schoolroom.

"Doris" — Rica stopped suddenly, and turned round to face her friend — "do you want to stagnate, or to grow into a grand Turk? for you must do one or other, perhaps both, if you're not contradicted. People who are never contradicted are odious. Besides, it is an incomprehensible idea that you, who are always wanting to get cleverer and cleverer, should be content to stand still. Don't disappoint me, Doris, in these last moments; I can't bear it."

Doris laughed, for Rica's vehemence had brought bright color rushing to her cheeks, and her eyes had grown dark with excitement. "You torrent," Doris said, "you put me in mind of a volcano. You go about for days dreaming in a kind of black or brown study, and then suddenly you pour out a stream of glowing, burning words that scorches one."

"Well" — Rica looked ashamed of herself — "I really am going to be matter-of-fact for the rest of my days. I mean that — stop, I'm going to give you a bit of my father, I have not wit enough to grow such ideas — well, I mean that life goes on, and we must go on along with it. We may shut our eyes and let ourselves be carried; that is stagnation according to my ideas; if not, we are always learning and being acted upon by what we learn. In all conscience you've done enough with book-learning; you've got enough to last you for life if you keep it bright. Well, then, now you've got to learn life from real people; and nothing will teach you that and yourself, too, as contradiction will."

"How do you mean teach me myself? A girl must be stupid who does not understand herself."

"I know, so it seems to me; and when I said so to my father he laughed, and said I wanted a lantern."

"But, Rica," — the subject of self-knowledge did not interest Doris; she had a great dislike to sermons, and she thought

this sounded like a fragment from Mr. Masham's pulpit — "you are unjust, and also not quite true."

"What do you mean?" in a very impetuous voice.

"I mean, that if people don't agree with me I am always content to let them go on in the wrong so long as they leave me in peace; live and let live, is my motto, but you are never happy till you have persuaded people to agree with you."

"You see" — Rica stood thinking — "I'm not proud; and perhaps though you are such an angel, you are a trifle proud. Now give me a good kiss, Doris, to wipe out this argument. We can't afford to argue on our last day."

Then, as they stood a moment, with moistened eyes, and circled by each other's arms, —

"And you will really give my love to George, and make him fond of me. My heart is quite ready to take in a fifth brother."

"Thank you;" then, with most unusual impulse, for the coming change in her life had shaken Doris out of all restraint, "What a loving heart you have, Rica! I believe you love my father, and mother, and George as much as I love them myself, and I seem to love your people so little, though you talk of them so much."

"That's because I'm a chatterbox."

They walked up and down silently after this. Doris's thoughts soon left her friend to picture life at home, and its difficulties; while Rica, who in the glamor of her intense friendship could not really see a fault in her companion, was saddened out of any looking forward beyond the coming sharpness of separation.

And meantime, in a pretty cottage covered with scarlet leaves, Mrs. Barugh had been busy for the last fortnight making preparations to receive her daughter. Dorothy had at once seen the wisdom of Mr. Burneston's suggestions, and by means of George's health, always better away from Burneston, she had worried her husband into consent. Probably the victory had been made easy to her by Doris, who, when informed of the idea, wrote at once to say she preferred to return to Steersley instead of to Burneston.

It was late afternoon, and Mrs. Barugh stood looking at the neatly-spread tea-table with a nervous, dissatisfied face.

"I doubt about Doris liking to eat her tea in the room we sits in," she said fretfully, "she'll have been used to a proper drawing-room."

George was sitting at a little side-table reading out of the red and gold book Rose had given him, and which had become his favorite companion. He looked up with a smile on his pale face, for he too was tired. He had been trying to carry out some of his mother's constantly changing ideas of preparation through the morning, without being able to satisfy her overwrought notions of that which was fit for Doris.

"Mother, ye'll be so weary. Ye'll not be able to look at Doris when she cooms here."

He rose up, and going to her, kissed away the frown that was gathering on her face and put her in an easy-chair.

"Coom, mother, ye have to do as ah tells you now father's away, an' ye mun do as e're bid, ye know."

George had lost much broadness of dialect, but his accent was still broad, and specially to-day, for he felt greatly moved at the near prospect of seeing Doris.

His mother sighed.

"She'll think us far beneath her, poor girl. She'll not care for you, George, if ye speak so broad and common," she sighed. "I wish ye'd speak more like me."

"Nivver fear, mother." His smile brought into his face a strange likeness to Doris, it was so winning. "Ye're a bit upset now, an' so can't see things rightly. She can't help lovin' us, ye know, for we're her own. Nay, nay, mother, if ye'd try and read Rose's book, ye'd see these things clearer; ye'd see it's not worth while to worrit so much about this life after all."

"It's all very well, George." She could not keep the irritable tone out of her voice. "Ye're very good, an' all that, but ye're not real; them things reads well in books, but they don't do for life."

"Now, mother," he patted her shoulders lovingly, "you carry out what t' book says yourself; ye've spent all your time an' thought on the bedroom an' t' sittin'-room Doris is to hev; but as to t' passage, beyond 'at it's clean an' orderly, ye've took no thout about it. Now life's our passage, an' t' rooms is t' place we're getting ready for us in heaven. So you see t' book's reet after all."

Dorothy did not answer, and George thought she was pondering his idea; but all at once she started up with a scared look in her eyes.

"They're comin', lad; they're comin'. Don't ye' hear the wheels? An' my cap not changed." She ran away up-stairs, while George felt as suddenly taken by

surprise as if he had not been schooling himself for days past for the meeting with Doris.

CHAPTER V.

SYMPATHIES.

"How small — how very small it all is! and how my mother stoops!"

Doris looked round the small square room with its low ceiling, cheap white curtains, and commonplace furnishings, almost before she looked at its occupants.

Her mother and George had received her at the door, and she had returned their hearty kisses warmly; and now came that lull which with English people is apt to succeed any unusual outburst of affection, as if we want to give emotion time to subside into an equable flow of feeling. The silence was broken by the father, usually the least talkative member of the Barugh family. He had stood gazing at Doris; now he said suddenly, —

"Wheea, George, lad, thee's as glum as a deearnail. Ain't thee fain te see Doris?"

"Aye, fayther," he smiled, and limped nearer the chair where his sister sat, looking at her with loving admiration.

Doris did not want to speak. She would have liked to sit quietly taking in all these new impressions, but her own sense of good-breeding and this appeal roused her. At present she felt too much a stranger for affection.

"How you have grown, George!" She looked up at the tall, slender lad; he was paler even than usual; his brown eyes were full of feeling as he smiled in his sister's lovely face.

All the repulsion he had fancied, all the coldness he had feared his manner would betray, had melted in the genuine delight of her presence. He had imagined he should see an artificial, stiff, grandly-dressed young lady, and here instead was a lovely, simple girl smiling at him as if she were quite at her ease.

"D'ye find him altered, my dear?" Mrs. Barugh spoke to her daughter with great respect, pulling nervously at her cap-strings; though she had paid for the clothes Doris wore, Miss Phillimore had chosen them, and the make of the girl's gown, the set of her shawl, and the style of her simple straw bonnet impressed Dorothy's mind at once. "John's right; she's like a born lady," she said to herself.

Doris looked earnestly at George's brown eyes still bent on her face.

"Yes, he is altered," she said gravely;

"he looks so much older" — then turning to her mother — "and you are altered too, mother," she said, with her sweet, rare smile, "but you look younger than I could have expected."

The tinge of color that rose in Dorothy's cheeks made the likeness between herself and her daughter very perceptible.

"That's just what Mr. Burneston remarked yesterday," she said in a fluttered voice; "he said —"

"Bother Maister Burneston," said John good-humoredly. "We'll hev t' rest o' teal presently — t' lass 'll need t' gan oop-steers an' fettle hersel'."

Doris sat down in a chair near her bedroom window. She saw how small everything was, and that the ceiling was very low, but she never glanced at the little details about the room, at which Mrs. Barugh and George had worked so hard.

"How different things are from what one expects!" she said. "I thought mother would vex me, and that father and I should get on well; and now it's father's way of speaking that vexes me, and this little ugly house. I feel as if I must stifle in such small, poky rooms. Mother looks nice if she wouldn't stoop, and George looks like a gentleman — somehow I feel timid with George. But it's too soon to judge fairly of anything, and it *is* nice to be like Rica, and have people of one's own to love one."

Doris's notions of the outside world were somewhat vague. Twice a year there were parties at Pelican House, and in these she had danced with, and had been spoken to, by "grown-up" gentlemen and ladies, for every one was attracted by Miss Phillimore's "lovely pupil," who never seemed the worse for the notice she excited. Then at church she saw many people, and in the long summer holidays Miss Phillimore had taken her sometimes to Cromer, sometimes to Broadstairs, and Doris had found friends everywhere. She never sought them. Her proud northern nature shrank from any deception, and she felt that with strangers she was a deception, and that if they could see her in her home surroundings, with her mother in place of Miss Phillimore, these refined acquaintances would not care about her.

There was no outspoken confidence between Doris and her schoolmistress about her home or her parents. Miss Phillimore had asked no questions and made no comments — even on John Barugh's broad accent — for she saw him once or twice; and so the girl's natural reserve had deepened and strengthened. Till Rica Masham

came to school, Doris had not opened her heart to any one — even to Rica she merely said her father was a Yorkshire farmer. She had tried to forget her surmise that Mr. Burneston had been the means of sending her to so good a school. The feeling of obligation was galling to Doris, but it came back now; and she wondered how her father could ever have brought himself to submit to it.

"Well, perhaps it is a way landlords have." She roused herself to take off her bonnet and smooth her hair — for she now wore it smoothly brushed behind the little ears that blushed like a delicate seashell — it would not lie flat, there was a lovely ripple on the silken masses, especially over the creamy temples, where a blue vein showed through the tender skin.

"George said, when he wrote about Rose, that Mr. Burneston was going to pay half her schooling; but Rose and I are different." Then, after a pause, "Perhaps father's richer than I thought, and took nothing but advice from Mr. Burneston."

Doris came into the room below, and the sight of the tea-table gave her a fresh shock — she had forgotten the old home customs — it was piled with cakes of all kinds, besides cold ham and fowls, and a huge pie. She looked at the plateful her father carved for her, and pushed it gently away.

"I can't eat half this, father; indeed I can't," she said.

"Nivver fash theesel', my lass," John said. He was so happy that he was almost frolicsome this evening. "Eat it or lay't back, it's all yan, bless thee; thee's safe to be reeght."

George said little; he was studying Doris, and wondering whether she would like Rose. He always felt better in health away from Burneston, but it had been a sacrifice to give up Rose's visits, though lately she had been visiting some of her schoolfellows, and he had seen little of her.

John Barugh noticed the lad's silence, and the wistful looks he cast at Doris; and, though he grudged to lose a moment of his darling, he understood George's feelings.

"Dorothy," he said when the meal was over, and the smart little maid had cleared the table, "coom awa. Ah'se summat fer thee." Then in the kitchen he added, "T' lad's fleyed. He weean't speak te Doris while ther's nobbut him an' her aleean. Coom, mah lass, ah'se brought ye a fairin' frae Lunnon."

It was true; false shame or perhaps

strength of feeling, had kept George dumb. As soon as his father and mother had departed his shyness fled. He limped across the room and took a chair beside his sister.

"I'm afraid"—he spoke much less broadly now; his intercourse with Mr. Burneston and with Rose had rubbed away some of his accent, while his reading had changed the old idioms of his forefathers into a nearer approach to standard English—"I'm afraid," he repeated, "that at first ye'll find us rough an' unlike what ye've been used to."

"Yes, it's very different." Then, with an effort, "But then you are my own people, and it is so lonely to live among strangers."

George raised his eyebrows, and his young face looked almost stern.

"Then why did ye stay on so much longer than was thought of?"

"Ah, that was different. I had got used to the loneliness, and I felt that if I came away at the time that had been fixed, I should be only half taught; my learning and music would have been of no use; I should most likely have given them up."

"You would niver give up readin'."

"Oh no; every one must read, but reading is not all. I suppose any one can read, whether educated or not," she said, loftily.

George felt humbled, and the old distance seemed to rise between him and Doris. He had grown to consider reading a high acquirement, because it was the only means of culture that came within his reach; and besides this, his reading had taught him the meaning of some of his own feelings. In these years of separation from Doris he had often blamed himself for their disputes, or rather silent estrangements, for they both felt too deeply to get their grievances readily into words. Now this pitiless speech, which he exonerated Doris from meaning unkindly, carried him back to childish days, and revealed the root of the want of sympathy between them.

"No, it's not all,"—he made an effort to smile—"but it is a good deal to a chap that has to keep quiet most of his time, Doris."

"Yes; I was not thinking of you when I spoke," said Doris simply.

She had had no intention to wound; she was so accustomed to look at everything from her own point of view that it could not occur to her to study the feelings of others; and this manifest ignorance restored George's balance.

"School don't teach everything, I see,"

he thought, looking admiringly at his beautiful sister, "or may be my notion of a lady ain't t' right 'un; an' yet there's Mr. Burneston, he quite sorts wiv all I fancy; he's good an' gentle an' 'refined,' as mother calls it; he's proper an' kind too, but he niver speaks a word 'at 'll mak' a lad feel sore when he's out at door; instid mah heart seems to gan after him."

"D'ye mind t' squire, lass?" he said presently.

Doris had gone up to a little bookshelf, and was reading the names on the backs of George's favorites. She did not turn her head; she felt her cheeks had grown red at the words.

"Yes, of course I do; he used often to come to the farm, you know; he's not altered much, I expect." And as she spoke, really and vividly came into her mind that meeting at the gate, and the foolish rhyme which during her school-life, and the complete severance from home scenes, had grown vague, and when recalled had made her wonder why it had so greatly troubled her. Now she seemed to see the golden-starred meadow, and the white parsonage house nestling down below it, and she said over to herself the words,—

May it so happen, and may it so fall,
I may be lady of Burneston Hall.

George laughed loudly, and Doris started and cried out. The reality of it all seemed to scorch her, and she turned round suddenly so as to break away from the vision which had effaced present surroundings.

"Eh, lass, did I fley ye?" He got up, and, limping towards her, laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Why, I'se sorry, Doris, ye looks real skeeared; sit ye down, lass, on t' squab. I laffed t' see ye potterin' at t' old books. 'D'ye know aught o' this 'n'?" And he pulled Rose's well-read gift from under the squab-cushion and gave it to his sister.

"'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Doris turned over a few pages, and then gaped a little. "I've heard of it, but I don't think I ought to read it, George. Miss Phillimore told us never to read 'Don Quixote,' or 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or 'Vicar of Wakefield.' She said they were common books, quite unsuited to girls."

George's lips curled. "Well, so is Shakespeare an' t' Bible, an' yet they're not common. If ye choose t' read the Pilgrim, I'll mark ye what t' read; an' ye'll hev a real loss wivout, Doris. It's as full o' wisdom as a pudden is of plums."

Maybe it wad help ye; it hev me, oft an' again."

"Help me!" Her delicate eyebrows curved in wonder, but she was not ruffled by her brother's bluntness. "I fancy one must always get help from superiors, and John Bunyan was an ignorant man."

There was a silence.

"This isn't the old piano." Doris went up to a small pianoforte at the end of the room and opened it; then her eyes glistered. "Oh, how very kind of father! Has he really bought this for me?"

She touched a few notes carelessly, and a bright flush stole into the boy's pale face. He limped up to her, put his arm round her neck, and kissed her.

"Sing me a song, honey," he said tenderly; "ye could sing like a lark when ye were a little lass."

CHAPTER VI.

DORIS'S WALK.

THE beauty of the dales round Steersley, and the picturesque little town itself delighted Doris; in the fresh glow of reunion and the novelty of all around, she lost the stiffness which the first strangeness had created.

"Thee's ma ain lass, after all, 'at ah thouwt ah'd niver see again," said John Barugh on the third morning after her arrival. "Ah war reet afear'd o' thee, lass, at first, thee war as set-oop as a duchess."

Doris looked at him gravely.

"Only shy, father, I think; you see you were all used to one another, and I was the only stranger."

"Weel, weel," he patted her soft hair with his broad red hand, "'t war t' sangs, lass, t' sangs hev put new life into me an' George."

And it seemed as if the magic power of her music had melted reserve and distance between the brother and sister. Doris did not yet know how to talk to George so as to win his confidence, but she had found out how to please him and her parents too, and the three sat entranced while she sang song after song, or played little snatches of Mozart or Beethoven.

Her chief longing in these first days was to get out of doors, and her father had gone with her in her walks. George tired so soon, and Mrs. Barugh never walked farther than to church and back: spite of the tiny house and the clever little maid, the notable Dorothy always had something to do indoors.

John Barugh had walked out twice with

Doris, swelling with pride as he crossed the square market-place with its old pump in the midst, and saw the landlord of the Black Eagle come to his door, which faced the said market-place, to look after the fair creature walking beside her father; but on the fourth day John departed for Burneston without trusting himself to any leave-taking.

"Tak tent o' mah lass," he said to Dorothy, "an' see sheea deecant want nowt, but, mind ye, mah lass, no visitors." He said this stubbornly, and got into his dog-cart and went back to his farm.

Mrs. Barugh had gone down to the gate with her husband, and now, instead of going back into the little sitting-room, where Doris and George were reading, she turned into the room they dined in, on the other side of the passage.

"My word, one would think Doris was more John's nor mine, he seems to set more store by her than by any one else." She went up to the small, gaudily-framed looking-glass and settled her cap. "I suppose it's natural; she calls to his mind; poor fellow, what I was twenty years ago." She gave another look in the glass, and a little sigh escaped her. "Ah dear! I little thought then to take up with a man that couldn't speak English. Perhaps Doris'll improve him—though somehow I don't think she'll bide long with us."

Mrs. Barugh went off into a reverie on the subject nearest her heart,—a subject so sternly forbidden by her husband on the occasions when she had ventured to hint at it, that Dorothy had grown to consider it almost criminal, and seldom now spoke of Mr. Burneston lest she should say more than she intended.

"It's all a pack o' nonsense o' John," she said at last, pinching and pulling her large worked muslin collar to make it sit more like those worn by Doris. "Such a face and such a figure as she's got would ha' made her look like a lady anyway, and now she can play and sing and talk as she do—I ask where's the hindrance? John's a good husband, but he's a fool in some ways, he's clivver too, an' he ought to know where a woman's wit comes in useful; ah, if he'd just let me manage, I'd soon see the squire courtin' our lass."

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently, she hated to be forbidden anything, but to be forbidden to ask Mr. Burneston to come to the cottage was insupportable.

"Mother, I want father." Mrs. Barugh started. There was Doris standing in the doorway. "I'm going to walk alongside the river we crossed yesterday, there's

beautiful country down in the valley. Where is father, perhaps he'll like a walk?"

"Why, child, how you scared me! Your father's gone back to Burneston, he's wanted there. Why, my dear, he's taken a longer holiday than he's took for many a year, all along of you."

"It was very kind of him," she said, and she went up-stairs.

She had grown used to her father's broad speech, and his great kindness had touched her deeply, but there was a certain sense of freedom in his absence. The tiny house oppressed her, and so did her mother's quiet commonplace talk. George was interesting, but he gave her much food for reflection, and the complete change in her life had caused, after the first excitement awakened by it, a powerful reaction and a longing for space in which to dream as she had dreamed till Rica came to Pelican House.

There was this distinction between Doris's craving for solitude and that of a more imaginative dreamer, out of whose reveries creations are evolved — she only wanted to digest and consider this new life. It seemed to her that she was a woman now, and she must plan her future, as when at school she had planned her return home and its consequences. This was over, and home was on the whole more satisfactory than she had expected, her mother was so much quieter, and George was so superior to her remembrance of him; but yet it seemed to her that all was not over. Some day they would have to go back to Burneston, and what would life be like then? Must she always be content to live alone at home? for she could not associate with the village people. As she looked forward to this part of her future, she saw that there lay the sting of the difference between herself and her family. Her mother and George spoke with delight of Mr. Burneston's visits, and she could not endure the prospect of seeing him. Doubtless there would be a charm in listening to his refined talk, and in the sympathy she would find in him; but it would be too galling to be visited as an inferior, and how else could Mr. Burneston regard her? She turned gladly from this thought to the picture she was occupied in painting of her own future usefulness. She meant to seek out poor ignorant girls and teach them to refine themselves, to make them give up the taste for smart cheap finery which she remarked in Steersley, and imitate her own simple ways; also she would teach

them to think less of lovers; it was so very absurd that a man almost a stranger should claim all the thoughts of a woman, and make her forgetful and careless even of her parents. This last idea had been created by George, who argued that the first duty of a woman was to become devoted to one man.

Many of these thoughts haunted Doris as she tied her bonnet strings and came slowly down-stairs.

"Doris, love," — her mother came out into the passage and spoke timidly; she was not nearly so much at her ease with her beautiful child as clumsy simple old John was, — "it's best not to go far off, unless the father's with ye, my dear. This isn't Burneston, where all the folks know ye; we're strangers here."

"Mother," the girl held her head very proudly, "what's the use of trying to be different to what I am? If there's no one to walk with, I must walk alone. I suppose other farmers' daughters have to do it. I shall be ill if you coop me up indoors. You would be far better yourself if you got more air and exercise, and so would George." Then seeing the look of timid dismay on her mother's pale face, she added gently, "Will you come a little way with me now?"

Poor Dorothy was so touched and flattered by this request, that, almost involuntarily, she kissed her daughter.

"I'd like it of all things, my dear, and maybe another day I'll manage it; but George's heart is set on apple-pie to-day, and as to trusting Harriet to make it alone, I'd liefer go without, — 't would be leather or chips, and maybe burned as well. You needn't look so troubled, Doris. Indeed, my dear, I don't do kitchen work, your father couldn't abide it, let alone that I was never brought up to anything dirty; but standing over piecrust is a thing that not even a lady need look down on, so I tell you." Her cheeks flushed as she ended. Doris smiled and went down to the gate. "Good-bye, mother," she nodded, and it seemed to her that in that little outburst her mother had been more real, more like the fretful woman she remembered, than she had seen her since her own return home.

"There is really nothing to be ashamed of in my present life except that I am idle," the girl thought. She tried to be dispassionate, and to look at the whole matter as if she herself were detached from it. "I don't think I'm ashamed of any of them; if I had not been to school I shouldn't have known any difference, I

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suppose. Then, if I hadn't been I should have lost, oh, how much! Why, I had no more perception of things than a dog or a cat has! I enjoyed nothing but puddings and new frocks. At school I was always looking forward. Well, then, there must be a want of some kind in life, so perhaps in time I may feel satisfied."

There was a stern contraction in the delicate eyebrows, a firm compression in the exquisitely-curved lips, which told that the prospect of her future life gave Doris deeper anxiety than she would acknowledge. But her mind was too strong to indulge in repining, and she looked round to enjoy the exquisite country she delighted in.

Behind the two old-fashioned inns, with their quaint signs, the square-towered church stood at the corner of three roads; on the right was the highroad on which she had walked with her father; the path which ran up past the church followed the course of the little beck for some way, and then divided, and broadened on the left into another highroad, which went northward, leading on the right through a gate into pleasant-looking meadows.

Doris stopped a red-headed boy at the gate, and made out from him as well as she could her way to Steersdale; she had heard of it in her yesterday's walk, and had resolved to see it without delay. A fresh breeze blew her hair into her eyes as she climbed up the steep meadow which rose in a long green hill on the right. She paused for breath, before her was the wood the boy had spoken of, rising from a stretch of intervening waste grown over with brown gorse and dark orange brake and long red bramble arms. The wood was bordered by oak-trees which, though set some way apart, stretched their branches till one met the other. Doris soon crossed the waste, and when she reached the shade of the oak-trees she looked back across the broad stretch of waste.

The tower and roof of the church, with its belt of poplar-trees, gave some token of a village, but the houses lay hidden in the valley from which she had climbed, and only betrayed their whereabouts by wreaths of blue smoke, which blew this way and that as the breeze reached them. In the background lines of pine-trees stretched east and west, and above the dark trees rose the top of the hill, on the right glowing with golden corn, and on the left purple with a stretch of heathy moorland; far as her eye could reach, rose interminable trees, veils of grey mist show-

ing here and there where the dales came between the wooded hills. These soft mists varied in hue according to distance, and at times seemed to melt into the skyline. Doris sighed with the fulness of peace such a scene brings, and then as her eyes fell on the foreground on each side of the waste—a foreground of emerald-green meadows, and fat yellowing turnip-fields—she turned and resumed her journey.

Her road lay through the wood, and this was suffused with green light, for the trees within it were planted closely, and the thin branches intermingled overhead; but soon the light grew whiter, and she found a small gate leading into the highroad. Crossing this, she passed through another gate into a lane with grassed banks and hedges gay with honeysuckle. Except these flowers, which made the air sweet around her, and the clumsy buzz of a humble-bee blundering in and out of the heavy-laden blossoms, there was no sign of life near; there might have been cows in the fields on either hand, but the hedges were too thick to see through. The perfect solitude was delightful to Doris; she wanted to think about George, especially about his manner on the previous evening.

Her mother had spoken of Rose Duncombe, and Doris had answered coldly. She had never liked Rose, and one of the resolutions she had made at Pelican House was, that she would not associate with this girl. As she answered her mother she looked at George, and his expression of sudden anger puzzled her.

She walked on, her eyes bent on the ground, striving to puzzle out the meaning of the vexation in her brother's face, but after her usual fashion, simply from her own point of view. All at once a bright flush flew over her cheeks, her eyes grew brilliant with indignation, and she gave a little stamp as she walked.

"It shan't be. It can't be. If George were to marry a girl like that, I could have nothing to do with him. She's not good enough for him—she can't be. Oh, it can't be! He only cares for her for old acquaintance' sake."

A stile which she had been told to cross stopped her, and she looked round to be sure that her landmarks were correct. Yes, there in front was a meadow rising into a green hill, and at the top, on the left, she saw smoke curling upwards from the farmhouse, which she knew must be lying under the shoulder of the hill; but her way lay slightly to the right, over the hilltop. Here were black-faced sheep

nibbling busily, and every moment a faint tinkle came from a bell among them. A girl in a lilac frock and a sun-bonnet of the same color was coming slowly down the hill path, leading by the hand a tiny copy of herself; the tiny child lagged behind at the end of its sister's long thin arm.

"Nance," the little voice said fretfully, "ah'se sare weary." Then as her sister went on with her head bent, taking no heed of her, the child spoke angrily, "Thee taks nae gaun o' what ah says, Nance."

"Hod thee gab," said Nance, sententiously, and she went on silently as before.

Doris looked after the children, and an expression of uneasiness crossed her face.

"I was like that girl once," she said, "exactly like her. I never had charge of George, but I remember how I used to vex him by my silent dreamy ways; but when we played or talked we used to quarrel; surely silence was better than quarrelling, and it is almost the same now. George is good, very good, much better than I shall ever be or should care to be, but he and I cannot see things with the same eyes." She paused for a while, but the thought kept its place. "Well, Rica and I seldom agreed, but we never quarrelled; but then Rica can argue so well about things. She has seen and heard so much more than George has, she can give new light on subjects. Rica is so bright and original, and then she never broods over things, one knows exactly what she means. I did not know how much I cared for Rica till I came home."

She sighed deeply. At Pelican House she had felt herself Rica's equal, in some ways her superior; but now she asked which was real, her present estimate of her own position or the Doris she had seemed to be at Pelican House; the well-dressed, looked-up-to young lady, whose notice was sought by all her schoolfellows.

"I cannot ask Rica to come and see me," she said mournfully. "She is poor, poorer than we are, no doubt, and poverty seemed to be inferiority at Pelican House; but I am sure that every one who belongs to her is as refined as she is; there is no falseness about her anywhere."

Even if Rica would excuse and tolerate the roughness of her people, Doris felt that there was an insuperable obstacle to the happiness of their meeting at the farm. Sooner or later Mr. Burneston would visit them, and there would always be the chance of his meeting Rica, and Doris felt

bitterly that Rica, with her home-made merino gown and her untidy careless ways, would be Mr. Burneston's equal, while she, so much better dressed, in what Miss Phillimore herself had called "such much better style," would have to behave to him as to a superior.

"Clergymen are the equals of every one," said Doris, "and these Mashams are refined people besides."

She left off thinking, and looked, with a longing for escape from these worries, at the peaceful English landscape, and at a long stretch of moorland bounded by the Hambleton Hills. In front of her lay another wood, enclosed and entered by a large white gate, and as this slammed behind her Doris wished she could shut out her worries with it. This solitude, for which she had longed, had brought torment instead of soothing to her.

It was a very different wood to the oak copse. Tall ash and beech trees sent out such massive roots across the track that she had to walk heedfully. A rushing sound close by told her she had at last reached the river, and now the path which had been winding in and out among the trees turned abruptly and began to descend, and Doris saw through the tree-trunks on her right that she was near the edge of the bank overhanging the stream; the sound told her how very high she was above it, but the path in front descended more and more rapidly, and she felt she should soon see the water that rushed along with so hoarse a voice below. She was too dispirited, or she might easily have broken a way through the brush-wood and clinging brambles to the edge of the ravine, but instead she went on pensively planning her future, under the new light that had come on it.

Should she give up Rica and all her upward clings, and try to content herself with her parents and George, and the neighbors? "I cannot, I cannot!" she said. "Why should I fling away all that I have gained so hardly? Books may keep up my learning, but they won't keep up my manners or my speaking; and I can't give up Rica; I never knew what she was to me before."

She might leave home and be a governess. More than one of Miss Phillimore's pupils had been educated with this intention. Why, even Rica herself contemplated taking such a position should need require her to do so. Doris sighed.

This was not the future she had planned, the future in which she was to influence and help others unaided. Well, could she

not as a governess influence and help the childish minds confided to her?

"I would not mind taking care of orphans" (the exquisitely-set head was proudly erect) "if I could be entire mistress; but I could not live in another person's house and adopt the ideas I found there, — no, that is not the life I have planned."

There was another future — Doris flushed angrily when the thought came; it was perhaps because this other future, viz., marriage, had a way of subtly connecting itself with Mr. Burneston, that the girl shrank with such dislike from the prospect of seeing him.

"Any way but that." She turned her head as if to shake off the idea, but to-day it clung like a burr; generally she found it easy to dismiss. For refuge she went back to the maxims of Miss Phillimore. Doris set far more store by the school-mistress's scraps of worldly wisdom than her warm-hearted friend did.

"Rica used to laugh at Miss Phillimore; she thought her shallow and a prig, but I learned things from her that I find useful every day, little things that I never knew till she taught me. Yes, mother perhaps meant the same thing in what she used to say about getting married before I ever went to school, only" — her lip curled — "poor mother said girls shouldn't think about 'sweethearts;' and she was right, though she ought not to have talked so at my age. Miss Phillimore said more than once there was nothing so common and underbred as for a girl to think about getting a husband, or to think about love nonsense of any sort. Well, of course," she smiled, "it is absurd; no one could think of falling in love with a middle-aged man like Mr. Burneston; but I will not think about him at all."

To shake off this unwelcome puzzle she began to run down the steep path, smooth now, for the very tall trees had stopped on the brow above, and she ran on violently till she stopped herself in a green meadow into which the wood suddenly opened.

A bright tinge of color glowed on the girl's cheeks, and her eyes were glistening as she looked round for the river. The light had begun to fade down in this valley, and the evening looked later than it really was. Yes, there lay the river, dwindled to a tiny brook now and screened behind a hedge that ran along the opposite side of the narrow strip of meadow. A gap in this hedge showed a plank laid over the stream, and across this Doris found her-

self in the dale she had so longed to reach.

The stream went winding on along between green banks, gravel-edged, for the heat had shrunk the water; down below large stones showed green and brown through it with here and there grey projecting masses against which the stream struggled hoarsely. Ash-trees rose from the hedge beside it, a hedge backed by the ever-rising hill she had just descended, and now as she went on the sun began to set behind the wood, and the breeze rippling the water made thereon grey patches which contrasted with the reflection from the glowing sky overhead; the grassy dale broadened as she advanced, and a steeply-rising wooded bank on the left made the place a charming green valley which seemed to have no end, and through which the broadening stream might so far as eye could reach "flow on forever."

The trees looked dark and massive now, and as the sun sank and the light faded, the grass toned down from the bright emerald of its midday hue; it was wonderfully smooth, like a huge soft carpet, through which the river went on babbling, sometimes by a sudden curve making its way almost to the middle of the dale, and then again retreating to its ordinary channel on the right. It had so shrunk in some places, though the tops of the banks were a good distance apart, that the water ran along below like a silver thread. Doris grew tired of following its meanderings, and at last, when it curved and re-curved like an S in the middle of the dale, she scrambled a little way down the bank, and drawing her skirt closely round her jumped four times in succession across the brook. The last jump was a wide one, and her bonnet fell off as she reached the farther side. She laughed as she replaced it; the exercise had brought back her serenity.

"What would they say at Pelican House?" she thought, but her eyes and cheeks glowed, and the breeze sent her hair straggling over her forehead. It had just occurred to Doris that she was taking a very long walk, and that her mother might grow anxious. She looked on to the end of the dale. Framed by the trees, which closed all distant view, was a man on horseback. He was not coming towards her; he seemed to be waiting for some one. "He is too far off to have seen me jump," Doris thought, "but it was foolish of me to behave so like a child;" and again a bright flush rose in her face.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
PRUSSIAN HISTORY.*

Do we ever mean to make ourselves acquainted with the modern history of Prussia and Germany? The complete change which has taken place of late years in our estimate of the Germans as politicians might reasonably lead us to consider whether their politics are not worthy to be studied. Half a century ago our estimate of the German literature and philosophy underwent a similar change. We then discovered, to use the language of an Edinburgh Reviewer, that Germany was not "a tract of country peopled only by hussars and editors of Greek plays," but that it had its poets, its critics, its thinkers and philosophers in greater excellence and abundance, for a time at least, than any other country. But when we had discovered the new German wisdom, we made without delay a serious attempt to master and assimilate it. A considerable part of the literary ability of England has been occupied during the present century with the task of interpreting German thought. After Coleridge, the earliest, and Carlyle, the most industrious, laborer in this field, how many distinguished writers have lent themselves to the work! Is it not time that our second discovery about the Germans should be put to profit as our first was? Then we discovered that "*un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*," but we did not even then imagine that the Germans could have any politics. With the exception of Niebuhr no German politician is ever quoted among us, and the "Life of Niebuhr" is the only elaborate biography of a German politician (later than Frederick the Great) that is known to the English public. We picture to ourselves Goethe, Schiller, Schleiermacher, Kant, Hegel, not with any background of public institutions or public affairs, but as if they moved like heavenly bodies in the empty sky. And we have had some excuse for doing so. We could hardly disregard their politics much more than the Germans seemed to do themselves. They did not tell us of great German statesmen or great German political doings unjustly neglected by us. Rather they were fond of confessing that they had no political life, or that they were not yet out of their political nonage. In their minds as in ours their philosophers and writers had a great precedence over their statesmen. Two or three years

ago, when I inquired of a most accomplished German whether there were any news of the "Memoirs of Hardenberg," those very memoirs which are at last before us, he took it for granted that I must be speaking of Novalis. To be sure Novalis is usually spoken of by his *nom de plume*, but his real name was Hardenberg, and it was intrinsically so probable that I was interested in this young mystic who died — I think — at the age of twenty-eight, and so inconceivable that I could care about Prince Hardenberg, who was only first minister of Prussia at the time of the War of Liberation and for nine years afterwards, that my friend jumped to the conclusion that I had adopted an unusual way of speaking. And for an example of the consciousness of a certain political inferiority which the Germans retained not many years back, we may take Bunsen as we see him in his biography. He looks up to Arnold in politics almost as Arnold looks up to him in learning. Bunsen, the pupil of that Niebuhr who had sat at council with Stein and Hardenberg, and who surpassed Arnold in experience of public affairs even more than in historical knowledge; Bunsen, who was himself by profession a public man, feels it quite natural to look up in political questions to an English schoolmaster, and is converted to Whiggism by him! But all this is changed now. The largest and hitherto the most successful political exploit of the century has been done by the Germans. They have their Parliaments, as we have, in fact too many Parliaments; they have their great orators, and debaters, and journalists, and statesmen, and have no reason any longer to yield the precedence in politics to the most political people on earth. We cannot but recognize this fact; but is it enough to recognize it? Is it not necessary to study it? Should not our readers read and our writers write about it?

I venture to suppose that there are some among my readers who have actually little information on this subject, and may almost be instructed about it as if they were beginners. They know of course in outline the great occurrences of 1866 and 1870; but it will occur to them that successes so sudden, complete, and on so vast a scale must have been prepared by a long antecedent history. As the horrors of the French Revolution lead us when we reflect on them to examine with a new interest the last age of the old *régime* because the explanation of them must lie there, so do the successes of 1866 and

* Suggested by the "Memoirs of Prince Hardenberg," edited by Leopold von Ranke.

1870 give a new interest to the period that precedes them in German history. Our inquirer then will search that compartment of his memory in which is stored up the German history of the first half of this century. Beyond the wranglings of Bismarck with the Prussian Parliament at the beginning of the sixties, he will remember that there were certainly great disturbances in Germany in 1848. How they began and how they ended he finds it hard to say, but he feels certain that he has heard speak of a Frankfort Parliament. Beyond this what does he remember? What was happening in Germany earlier—in the forties and in the thirties? Something occurs to him about a bishopric of Jerusalem; what curious thoughts will come into one's head at times! But beyond this stretches a cloudless expanse, a perfectly empty region. "Plumb down he drops, fluttering his pennons vain," until the strong rebuff of the battle of Waterloo stops him. Of course there were some Prussians there, though it is difficult to say how or why, and every one knows that before that Napoleon won some great battles in Germany. As to the Prussians, since they have become so important now, their beating was—at Austerlitz? no, it was at Jena, certainly at Jena. And then before that there was Frederick the Great, you know. Besides this, military men occasionally mention Scharnhorst, who did something to the Prussian army; and when political economists come together they sometimes mention a man called Stein, and sometimes another man called Hardenberg, who concerned themselves with land questions.

This I suppose would be the account my reader would give of German history if he were taken by surprise. If he had a little time to prepare he would give it somewhat more arrangement and precision. He would then discover that the reforms in Prussia, those affecting both the army and the tenure of land were connected with the disaster at Jena, and that the old system which had come down from Frederick the Great was brought to an end in consequence of its failure in the contest with Napoleon, and that Scharnhorst, Stein, Hardenberg, and others were the founders of a new system which has since made the greatness of Prussia. He would also discover that Napoleon did not merely win battles in Germany, and annex territory which was afterwards recovered again, but that his victories produced a political revolution over the whole country, destroyed the empire, raised several Ger-

man princes to the rank of kings, and that after his fall the old system was not restored, but a new system in many respects widely different was introduced, and in particular that this was the time of the foundation of that German Confederation which fell in 1866.

Even this meagre outline would be enough to convince our inquirer that if he would understand the transition of 1866 and 1870, he must go back to the Napoleonic age, and that in that age he must give particular attention to the transformation of Prussia, which took place after the campaign of Jena, under the direction of Stein, Hardenberg, Scharnhorst, and the rest. He will then of course consult the English authorities upon the period. He will look in Alison to see what was done by Stein and Hardenberg, and I can promise that he will meet with the most complete disappointment.

This brings us to the book before us. It seems in Germany a great event that the "Memoirs of Hardenberg" are out at last. They are out, and their editor, the illustrious Leopold von Ranke, has accompanied them with two large volumes of his own, in which not only the gaps left by the memoirs in Hardenberg's biography are filled up, but the history of Prussia from the beginning of the Revolutionary War to the War of Liberation is re-written from new documents, with all the master's well-known subtlety, and in a style which betrays no trace of the languor or garrulity of age.

But in this announcement our investigator will find a curious stumbling-block. he will say, "No, at the very outset of my inquiries I have learnt more than will allow me to believe this. The "Memoirs of Hardenberg" cannot be just published, for it is well known that they have for years past formed one of the principal sources of the history of that age. Alison draws from them more than from almost any other book, to judge by that abbreviation "Hard.," which is almost invariably to be found at the side of his pages when they treat of German affairs." Indeed it is a remarkable fact that for years past while the Germans have been waiting for the appearance of these memoirs, and conjecturing what they would be found to contain, English and French students have been in happy and contented enjoyment of them. Perhaps this is the reason why, as we hear, there is no market here for Von Ranke's book. Any how it is certain that for years past if you asked the librarian at the Athenæum Club for "Hardenberg's

Memoirs," he would place before you without hesitation a book in thirteen volumes written in French, and entitled "*Mémoires tirés des Papiers d'un Homme d'Etat*," of which the catalogue declared Hardenberg to be the author. It is certain that not Alison only but most other writers on that period both in England and France have used this work freely, nay for German affairs, more freely than any other book, and generally as the work of Hardenberg. Especially the first two volumes, which profess to explain the causes of the first coalition against revolutionary France, have mainly contributed to form the current opinion on the subject; and the book is a forgery!

The fact is that this book has the great advantage of being in French, and that some of these writers would have been compelled to remain in ignorance of German affairs altogether if the knowledge had had to be sought in German books. And yet there was a certain difficulty in writing the history of the Napoleonic age without any of this knowledge. In these circumstances the belief that one of the most conspicuous and necessarily best-informed German statesmen of the period had written his memoirs in French, and that these memoirs had been published, was too consoling and precious to be parted with. Yet it is somewhat difficult to understand how they can have entertained the belief in good faith. On a closer inspection we find that at least one of them actually did not. Alison, who, as we have said, is so lavish of his "Hard.," actually has the following note, which perhaps few of those who consult his voluminous work remark. After declaring himself happy to agree with "the able and candid Prussian statesman who concluded the treaty of Basle," and introducing a quotation from the "*Mémoires*," etc., with the words "says Prince Hardenberg," he remarks on the next page, "These able memoirs, *though written by the Count d'Allonville*, were compiled from Prince Hardenberg's papers" (vol. ii. p. 926). Now even if it were true, as Alison supposes, that there was reason for regarding the memoirs as founded upon the papers of Hardenberg, it is surely unjustifiable, and betrays a very lax historical conscience, to refer to them habitually, without qualification of any kind, as Hardenberg's memoirs. But there was no such reason. It is indeed not improbable that the compiler had access to documents of some kind, and his statements, sifted with proper caution, may in some cases have their value.

But even before the book appeared, and when the advertisements of it which spoke of a Prussian statesman seemed to point at Hardenberg, it was shown by Schöll that there was imposture at work, and that the papers, if there were any, were certainly not Hardenberg's. Accordingly D'Allonville and his accomplices did not venture in any positive way to declare that they were. It was not necessary to do so. The world, that is, in England and France, jumped at the bait, which was scarcely even held out to it, and the forgery has been "Hardenberg's Memoirs" to our historians ever since. Yet they have not even had the excuse that the exposure of it was only to be found in a language which they did not read, for a most complete examination and detection of the forgery is to be found in Barbier's French "*Dictionnaire des Œuvres Pseudonymes*."

Meanwhile the Germans have submitted to this injury with most magnanimous meekness. They have probably felt that they had no remedy, for though they have the ear of Europe on questions of learning or science, and certainly of history also, when the history is remote enough to have become the property of *savants*, on recent history it matters not what they say or what they prove, since no one either in France or England reads it. Accordingly Von Sybel merely remarks, without a word of complaint or indignation, that the current notion of German affairs in that age has been taken chiefly from the spurious memoirs of Hardenberg; and Von Ranke now, in introducing the genuine memoirs to the world, merely remarks in the same placid tone that the "*Mémoires tirés*," etc. have no connection with them whatever.

This explanation may convey to the reader a new impression of the importance of the publication before us. It finally dissipates a cloud of illusion which has hung over the period for about half a century—for the first two volumes of the "*Mémoires tirés*," etc., appeared in 1828, and at the same time it opens a new source of knowledge, the importance of which we may measure by the authority which the mere name of Hardenberg gave to the forgery now exploded. It is to be added, that in addition to the memoirs of Hardenberg, this work gives us the conclusions drawn by Von Ranke from a collection also made by Hardenberg, and now first applied to historical purposes, of original documents bearing on Prussian history.

Our inquirer will in fact find that he has

taken up the study of recent German history at a moment when it is fast changing its aspect. The period to which Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst belong is now in the act of passing out of twilight into day, and this, it will be remembered, means far more when it is said of a country such as Prussia then was — a country without a Parliament, where government is a secret — than when it is said of our own country. These memoirs are only the most important of several publications of the kind which have lately appeared. Duncker, the late archivarius of Berlin, gave us not long since a paper full of new information on the state of Prussia during the French occupation; Treitschke published a full account of the Constitution dispute which occupied the politicians of Prussia in the early years of the peace, and of which former historians, such as Gervinus, had been able to learn little. More curious and amusing, though less satisfactory, than these publications, have been the selections from the papers of Schön, which have appeared in successive volumes to the number of four during the last two years. Schön was a politician who stood to Stein in the same relation as Shelburne to our own Chatham, but he outlived both Stein and Hardenberg by many years, and was in his old age a patriarch of Prussian liberalism, of whom men said that he was the real author of most of the great legislative acts upon which Stein's fame rested; and indeed for saying so they had the warrant of one who certainly must know, viz., of Schön himself. Diaries, fragments of autobiography, biographical and historical letters from his hand are now before us, and seldom has there been such an exhibition of self-conceit, envy, and reckless malice as they afford. Fortunately most of Schön's calumnies refute themselves by their inconsistency and unskilfulness. But the examination of them has given the Prussian literary world much to do lately. And when the student has digested all this mass of new material he becomes aware, on looking again at what used to be the best histories of the period, *e.g.* Häusser, that they have become insufficient, and that they paint a landscape in twilight upon which the day has now risen.

But if this period is all-important in the history of modern Germany, is it also interesting in itself? What! the battle of Jena — the downfall in a single week of the monarchy of the great Frederick — and then its resurrection seven years afterwards — the War of Liberation — the

fall of Napoleon — can a period which offers occurrences like these be other than interesting? And of course all admit the interest of it, but then most come to it with a curious preoccupation, as if all these occurrences belonged to French and not to German history, or at least as if it were only the French aspect of them that was interesting. It is with this chapter of history as with "Paradise Lost"; the character of Satan stands out so strikingly that it kills all the rest of the piece. Just as in the poem we forget to think of what the poet undertook to unfold to us — the destiny of mankind and the grand redemptive schemes of Providence — because all this is dim and remote, and think only of Satan because he is passionate, intense, and dramatic; so does Napoleon, the great deceiver and destroyer, absorb the interest that ought to be given to the progressive movement of Europe in his age. But what is excusable when we are dealing with a poem is less so when we are studying history. Poetically, perhaps, evil is more interesting than good, but it is not so important historically. The work of Napoleon looks smaller and smaller as time goes on, but the work which was done in Germany at the same time looks greater and greater. At the time Napoleon's lawless violence was taken for creative genius; but now we see how small a part of his creation stands the test of time, but that all attempts to revive it only prove its worthlessness more decisively; and how even after being restored it falls again. We can now only praise him negatively, as one who swept away what was bad, and even if we try to represent him as a great impulsive force which roused mankind out of lethargy, we discover that he only produced this effect because he failed, and that had his empire endured, with its centralization and brutal military repression, it would have produced a far more fatal lethargy than any that it disturbed. We see that his place is not among the gods, but among the Titans of history, not with the Cæsars and Charlemagnes, who founded the enduring fabric of civilization, but with Louis XIV., Philip II., and others, who have merely established ephemeral and mischievous ascendancies. Meanwhile the work of those who resisted Napoleon — even if no one of them should ever be placed in the highest class of the benefactors of mankind — has in some cases proved enduring, and nowhere so much as in Germany. They began two great works — the reorganization of Prus-

sia and the revival of the German nationality, and time has deliberately ratified their views. Without retrogression, without mistake, except the mistake which in such matters is the most venial that can be committed, that, namely, of over-caution, of excessive hesitation, the edifice which was then founded has been raised higher and higher till it is near completion. The French empire revived again only to fall again with disgrace; France annexed Savoy and Nice, but she lost Alsace and Lorraine; and she did not avenge Waterloo. But Jena has been avenged; the manes of Queen Louise are propitiated; Barbarossa is awake at last.

This being so, we might read over again the history of that age with new feelings. We might cease to think of the German princes of that time as of nines whom it amuses us to see bowled over by Napoleon; still more might we cease to think only of Napoleon when we read the history of his fall, as if the heroism and the skill were even then on his side, and his opponents had nothing but luck and superior numbers. Nay, even if we sympathize with France, and with Napoleon himself, we may still recognize that, putting them out of the question altogether, the fall and resurrection of Germany is far more interesting than most passages of history, and that the interest centres on the whole in Prussia. We in England enjoy something of that happiness which proverbially makes the annals of a people dull. Since the seventeenth century nothing has been witnessed here either so painfully interesting as what Prussia witnessed in the unhappy years 1806 and 1807, or so elevating and poetical as her *levée en masse* and victories in 1813 and 1814. And to the student it is far more interesting than to the seeker of amusement. To the student indeed it is an interest quite independent of its exciting incidents, for it is one of those periods of radical and successful reconstruction of a State which are rare in history, and which abound beyond others in political lessons.

Let us now look more closely at the book before us. At his death, in November 1822, Hardenberg left a considerable collection of papers sealed up, with the direction that they were to lie unopened in the archives for fifty years. This fact is of itself sufficient to destroy the pretensions of the "*Mémoires tirées*," etc., which our editor describes as "a compilation of heterogeneous materials in which a few genuine documents are lost in a mass of

statements partly well-known before, partly unauthenticated," and as "in itself more calculated to bewilder than to instruct." When the fifty years had expired the director of the archives brought the whole collection to Prince Bismarck, who with his own hand broke the seal. The commission was then given to Von Ranke to examine and report upon them. He found them to consist, first of a memoir in Hardenberg's own hand, covering the years 1804-1806 and part of 1807; secondly of a voluminous history—in French, and comprising a large number of official documents—by Friedrich Schöll, well known as one of the authors of the useful "*Histoire Abrégée des Traités*." The history deals with the years 1794-1812, while Hardenberg's own memoir, which was intended to be translated into French and incorporated into it, is occupied solely with the years 1804-1807.

Our editor had to consider whether it would be advisable to publish Schöll's work as he found it. There were weighty objections to this course. It was in French, and Hardenberg's memoir was in German, so that they could not be joined together, as had been originally intended, to make one work. Moreover, there was something artificial in the style of Schöll, who had made Hardenberg speak throughout in the first person, and an attempt was discernible to efface the pretty strong tinge of Liberalism which belongs to Hardenberg's administration in order to suit the taste of the restoration period in which Schöll wrote. An alternative course was to publish Hardenberg's memoir with an introduction founded on the materials furnished by Schöll. This also seemed unsatisfactory, because these materials were copious enough to furnish a complete history. The end has been that the public are presented with four volumes, each consisting of from five to six hundred full German pages, of which the second and third contain Hardenberg's memoir, and the first and fourth a history of the whole period from 1793 to the War of Liberation by Ranke. In other words, historical literature is enriched at the same moment by two books, each of the utmost value in its own way, a history of a most memorable period, written by a great master of historical investigation from new documents, and an account of the foreign relations of Prussia in the years which ended with the great catastrophe of Tilsit, by one who was for the greater part of that time himself Prussia's foreign minister.

Hardenberg can hardly be regarded as

a great man. Our editor himself says: "There is nothing very great in Hardenberg himself. His only title to a historic delineation is that he did more than any one towards the securing and restoring of Prussian independence." In his personality there was not the same strongly marked character, force, and grandeur that is to be observed in that of Stein, of whom we may observe that our editor speaks in a very different tone, *e.g.* "We have to introduce here again the Titanic Stein, who then took a world-historical position worthy of himself by Alexander's side;" and again, "Stein is the first and grandest representative of the German idea; he had Germany as a commonwealth ever before his eyes, and its unity ever as a thing in one way or another to be restored."

Nevertheless Hardenberg had force enough to carry him through the tasks, heavy as they were, which his lot imposed upon him; and as he was at the head of affairs far longer than Stein, the sum total of the services he rendered to Prussia is very great; his performance, though less unique in quality, is scarcely inferior in quantity to that of Stein; and his name is inseparably connected with that reorganization of Prussia which has led to her present greatness. Moreover his importance is materially increased now that he appears as a historian of some of the events in which he had a share.

It is to be observed, however, that he cannot be called the historian of his own achievements. Those achievements began with his assumption of office in 1810, two years after the fall of Stein. From that time to his death in 1822 he remained first minister. His important legislation belongs mainly to the years 1810 and 1811, and the memorable resurrection of Prussia belongs to 1813. But his original memoir deals exclusively with the time preceding the Peace of Tilsit, which was concluded in July 1807, a time in which he achieved nothing memorable. It is in fact mainly apologetic in its tone, explaining the reasons why its author was not able, in spite of all his efforts, to prevent, or even in any degree to mitigate, the calamity which fell upon Prussia at the close of that time. Instead of describing the restoration of Prussia, in which he had so large a share, he has described only its fall, which he witnessed and foresaw, but was unable in any degree to prevent. The fall of Prussia, however, is not less interesting, if it is less agreeable to read of, than its restoration, and just at present it may be even more instructive to English

people. For in our extreme scarcity of English books on the history of Prussia, in the fragmentary state of our knowledge about it, we are in danger of arriving at erroneous conclusions by piecing arbitrarily together the fragments of knowledge that we have. Thus we are apt to jump from the one book on the subject which we have read, Carlyle's "Frederick," to those modern Prussian triumphs which we know so well, and to argue — then Carlyle was right after all, and the heroic form of government turns out to be, in the long run, the best! I by no means wish the reader to run hastily into the exactly contrary conclusion, yet it is the exactly contrary conclusion which is really suggested by the facts. Frederick's government did not lead to those modern triumphs, but to the unparalleled catastrophe of Jena, and after that catastrophe the necessity was forced upon the country of radically destroying his system. By a series of changes, scarcely inferior in magnitude to those which France underwent in her first Revolution, both government and society in Prussia were reconstructed. A generation later a Parliament was added, and the triumphs which have impressed us so much began nearly twenty years later still. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is of course a very weak argument; but the slight presumption that it may afford is really a presumption against and not in favor of, the régime of Frederick, for it was not Sedan, but Jena, that was *after* it.

This account then of the downfall of the old system we have from Hardenberg himself, and Von Ranke's first volume furnishes an excellent introduction to it. His second volume, the fourth of the work, gives some account of the reconstruction. But we should by no means describe it as a complete account. The historical manner of Von Ranke is well known; his element is diplomacy and international affairs. In his view of the period between Tilsit and the War of Liberation, he has traced with much care the fluctuations of the long negotiation that went on between Prussia and Napoleon, but the internal reform that went on at the same time does not suit his pen so well, and is therefore not so fully treated. Altogether, though the work before us, if we consider only what it gives, seems to us the most important historical work of recent years, yet it has deficiencies, whether it is considered as a biography of Hardenberg or as an account of the fall and reconstruction of Prussia. As a biography of Hardenberg, besides closing at 1814, instead of 1822, which was the end

of Hardenberg's career, it gives no sufficient account of his legislation of 1810, 1811. The same omission, joined to the slightness of the view given of Stein's legislation, makes it incomplete as a history of the transformation of Prussia.

Nevertheless the appearance of such a book affords a good opportunity of pointing out the vast historical importance of that transformation. We are most of us so ignorant of Prussian history that the very outline of it in our minds wants one of the principal features. Our view of it is such as our view of French history would be if we had never heard of the Revolution of 1789. This may seem a startling statement, but it is possible to imagine that but for one or two very glaring occurrences—such as the execution of the king and queen, and the positive destruction of monarchy and Church—we might have looked at the events that began in 1789 purely from a military and foreign point of view. We might have overlooked all internal changes, and seen nothing but that France at that time undertook a war against Europe, a war in which she was successful for many years, but afterwards lost again all the advantages she had gained. This is something like what we do with the history of Prussia. We see her neutrality between 1795 and 1806, then her ruin at Jena and Tilsit, then her period of humiliation, then her War of Liberation, and so on; but because Frederick William III. remains quietly seated on the throne through the whole period, we remain totally unaware that a Prussian revolution took place then—a revolution so comprehensive that the old reign and glories of Frederick may fairly be said to belong to another world—to an *ancien régime* that has utterly passed away. It was a revolution which, though it did not touch the actual framework of government in such a way as to substitute one of Aristotle's forms of government for another, yet went so far beyond government, and made such transformation both in industry and culture, that it deserves the name of revolution far more, for instance, than our English Revolution of the seventeenth century.

Thus the first step which our imaginary student of German politics must take, is to move the battle of Jena out of the life of Napoleon into the history of Prussia. Instead of thinking of it as a military feat, he is to think of it as the beginning of a political revolution. And next remembering that in Prussia two movements go on together, viz., the internal development of

the state and its movement towards the headship of Germany outside, he must treat the battle of Austerlitz in the same manner and begin to think of that as the beginning of the revolution which brought down the old empire. Thus we get—1805, fall of old Germany; 1806, fall of old Prussia. And so in Germany as in France we have an *ancien régime* and a revolution, and, as in the case of France, we ask first, what was the corruption, or weakness of the old *régime* which caused it to fall? and what was the nature of the new system which took its place?

The downfall of the old system in Prussia was much less appalling and amazing than in France; but, on the other hand, it was much more unforeseen. Many prophets had prophesied of strange things to happen in France,—*nos enfants verront un beau tapage*—for all the most unmistakable signs of decay met in the Bourbon monarchy. The Hohenzollerns too had been guilty of crimes, but they were the crimes of youthful energy, not of decrepitude; and the ambition of Frederick, if unscrupulous, was patriotic. Considered as an internal administrator, he was a pattern of self-sacrificing industry to all the sovereigns of his time. He and Louis XV. were at the opposite poles of kingship. Was it not strange, then, that a similar catastrophe should await the work of both? that the one system should perish in the rout of Jena, as the other in the Tenth of August? Napoleon is often described as having a sort of indefinite commission to remove out of the world whatever was rotten or decaying. Was it not strange then, that that which went down most instantaneously before his shock should be precisely that system which was youngest, and whose glories were most recent? and that even the old clumsy fabric of the Habsburgs should make a better fight than the new construction of the Hohenzollerns, the pride of the eighteenth century?

The explanation is that the Prussian State was as weak from immaturity as the French from old age; that the gigantic labors of Frederick William I. and Frederick the Great, though they had raised Prussia from insignificance to greatness, had not been sufficient to make her greatness stable and secure. But in this instance the image of a building is more convenient than that of a living body. If a State be regarded as an edifice reared on a foundation, we may say that in France the fault lay in the building itself, while in Prussia the building, the work of

the Hohenzollerns, was good, but the foundation insufficient. The building is the visible part of a State—its government, administration, revenue, army. All this was rotten in France under Louis XV. and sound in Prussia under Frederick the Great. But the foundation on which all such buildings must stand is, as foundations are generally, out of sight, and may easily be left out of consideration. It is the unity of the country and of the nation; and this is marked in various ways—by continuity of territory and strength of frontier, by homogeneity of the population and separateness of it from neighboring populations, and this again is marked by the distinctness of language, form of civilization and literature. In France this foundation was immensely strong,—no nation had so intense a self-consciousness—and therefore, when the structure of the State crumbled, the nation, after a very short interval of embarrassment, showed itself stronger than ever. But in Prussia this foundation was exceptionally weak. It could scarcely be said that either a Prussian nation or even a Prussian country existed. No one spoke of a Prussian language, or of a Prussian literature; no one supposed that Kant and Herder, because they were Prussians, belonged to a different literature from Goethe and Schiller. The ministers who conducted the government of Prussia were not necessarily Prussians either by birth or education. Who ever hears in England of a statesman being borrowed for a high official post from the French or Austrian service? Or when a public man among us is driven from office, or loses his seat in Parliament, who expects to hear that he has applied for employment to the czar? But in Prussia few of the most distinguished statesmen, few even of those who took the lead in her liberation from Napoleon, were Prussians. Blücher himself began life in the service of Sweden, Scharnhorst was a Hanoverian, so was Hardenberg, and Stein came from Nassau. Niebuhr was enticed to Berlin from the Bank of Copenhagen. Hardenberg served George III. and afterwards the duke of Brunswick before he entered the service of Frederick William II.; and when Stein was dismissed by Frederick William III. in the midst of the war of 1806, though he was a man of property and rank, he took measures to ascertain whether they were in want of a finance minister at St. Petersburg. And how weak was the frontier—how discontinuous the territory! How much of it

too had in 1806 been quite recently acquired, and was inhabited by a discontented population which did not even profess to be Prussian! The partitions of Poland were quite recent; Warsaw was then a Prussian town; other large acquisitions had been made within Germany itself in 1803; and Hanover had just been taken from George III. In these circumstances, from the very nature of the case, and not from any exceptional coldness of disposition, there could not be in Prussia any of that burning spirit of nationality which showed itself in France in 1792, or in Spain in 1808; and where such a spirit is wanting the best-disciplined army and the most diligent administration and the best-intentioned government have no firm foundation under them.

Next to the baselessness of the whole fabric we are to consider the essential precariousness of an absolute form of government, and then some special abuses in government which had sprung up at that particular time. But in estimating all these influences, we are to bear in mind the immensity of the power which assailed Prussia in 1806. If the system of Frederick succumbed, it succumbed not like the French, to the sheer weight of its own corruption, but to an external force to which other systems thought good, our own for instance, might have yielded had they been equally exposed to its attack. It was this evident superiority of force which gave Napoleon himself an absolute confidence of success. On October 12th, 1806, he wrote to the king of Prussia, "Your Majesty will be defeated. Europe knows that France has thrice the population of your Majesty's states, and is not less developed than they are in a military point of view." It was in itself no great disgrace to be worsted by Napoleon at the head of such a force; the condemnation of the system lies in the fact that it did not offer a stout resistance, but collapsed at once. It was the curious fate of Prussia twice in little more than half a century to be attacked by a greatly superior force, and to wage on the first occasion the most glorious and on the second the most inglorious defensive war known to modern history. To explain this we are certainly obliged to point out the personal insufficiency of the king for the ponderous task which had devolved on him.

An administration both civil and military, if it cannot draw inspiration both from above and from below, must at least do so from one quarter or the other. If

there is no patriotic nation below, there must be an energetic will above. But the great race of Prussian kings seemed to have come to an end when Frederick the Great died in 1786. His successor, the hero of Valmy and of the Treaty of Basle, had had something *grandiose* and generous about him, and got through his reign of eleven years without any conspicuous disaster. But he had dissolved the strictness of discipline and broken the spell of success, when he delivered over the government to the young Frederick William III. in 1797. The reign which now began lasted forty-three years, and resembles that of George III. in English history. In the course of it there were great disasters and glorious successes, and the king had good qualities of a homely kind enough to justify those who chose to attribute the successes not less than the disasters to him. Moreover the successes, coming later, effaced the disasters, and thus King Frederick William III. has preserved a fair reputation in history. We cannot but be glad of it, considering how respectable and well-intentioned a king he was; and indeed he had this merit, that as George III., after bringing himself near to ruin in his first twenty years, saved his reign by committing himself to William Pitt and remaining faithful to him, so did the Prussian king repair most of his mishaps by confiding, after 1806, in two meritorious statesmen, Stein and Hardenberg. But the mishaps themselves were due very much to his own mistakes, and this all the more because of the immense prestige which in Prussia had gathered round the crown.

Though the sudden collapse of the renowned Prussian army in 1806 took the world by surprise, yet the decline of the Prussian government had been recognized by all the world long before. In the long neutrality between 1795 and 1806 its reputation had suffered so much that it had come to be regarded with contempt, and in some sort may be said to have begun to despise itself. Hardenberg in these memoirs makes no defence of its foreign policy in the years 1804, 1805; and he defends himself by saying that his advice was not taken. The mistrust of Prussia by other powers, and her own self-mistrust, were among the leading causes of her overthrow, and for this the king himself was responsible. At least Hardenberg here throws it in pretty plain language on the king. That ruinous neutrality when all the world was in arms—what was the cause of it? People said at the time that

the king was a coward, and though this was not true, yet Hardenberg himself traces it to fear. In speaking of one of Napoleon's encroachments, he says, after remarking that the king *would* not see it in its proper light: "I say he *would* not, for there was no doubt that he understood it all perfectly, but he could be inexhaustible in plausible arguments when the object was to maintain an unsound principle once adopted, and in such cases repugnance to a decisive measure outweighed his better reason. Mistrust of his own power to encounter the formidable Napoleon, a foreboding of the misfortune which afterward came so heavily upon him, were the grounds of this repugnance. Often perhaps did Frederick William curse his own high position, and wish for the unobserved life of a subject!" In other words, it was not a cowardly fear of the battle-field, but it was the fear of a war in which he felt himself certain to be worsted—yet in which, as a near successor of Frederick the Great, he would be regarded by the people as responsible for the campaign—which was the secret motive of his neutral policy. This weakness in the king concurred with a disturbance in the administrative system which had been caused by the restless personal government of Frederick the Great to throw the foreign department into the strangest confusion. In the first place the king found it necessary always to have a foreign minister who would advise unlimited concession when his favorite neutrality was endangered. He had such a minister in Count Haugwitz, whose conduct during the Austerlitz campaign has not been forgotten by history. In the summer of 1804 the count desired to retire in order to look after his estates in Silesia, which required the master's eye, and Hardenberg was to take his place. But the king did not feel sure of Hardenberg because he was a man of spirit, and accordingly it was arranged that Haugwitz should still receive a part of his salary, should be always ready to resume the duties of his department, and "particularly in the winter when he would wish to reside in Berlin, should receive information of all affairs, and be present at all conferences." Here was a pretty confusion of responsibility! And Hardenberg complains that he could never with all his exertions get his relations to Haugwitz properly defined. But how this arrangement served the king's purpose he makes perfectly clear by an example. In the matter of Sir George Rumbold, who had been seized by French soldiers near Ham-

burg, Hardenberg had recommended that his extradition should be demanded, and that the demand should be backed, if necessary, by war with France. The king was in a flutter, though for a wonder he took the first part of the advice. An express is at once sent to Haugwitz in Silesia, with a letter proposing the question in the following form: "I have demanded satisfaction of Bonaparte for the violation of neutrality, and because Rumbold was accredited to my person. His extradition has been demanded. If this is not granted, but recourse is had to subterfuges, what should Prussia do to maintain her dignity and to fulfil her engagements both towards Russia, in accordance with the existing understanding, and towards her co-estates in North Germany? Many persons vote for war; *I do not (moi pas)*. Reflect on the matter, and give me the benefit of your views. *You know that I reserved to myself the right of having recourse to you in critical circumstances—and these are critical indeed!*" Hardenberg remarks, "How significant was that *moi pas*, which the king underlined!"

It may in fact be said that there were times when Haugwitz and Hardenberg might be considered indifferently as foreign ministers, though they represented opposite policies. But the confusion in the foreign department went really much further than this. Hardenberg gives us a clearer view than we could get before of an abuse which caused much outcry at the time—the secret influence of the cabinet secretaries. Of course the ministers in Prussia, where the king governed personally, had not the same undivided responsibility as they have in constitutional countries. The king took their advice or not, as it pleased him. But in 1806 the condition of things was this, that the control of affairs was in the hands neither of the ministers nor of the king, but of two or three men called cabinet secretaries who went and came between them. This abuse had risen out of a habit which Frederick the Great had formed of transacting business without any personal communication with his ministers. The reports of the ministers were laid before him and upon these his decision was formed. It was the business of the cabinet secretaries in his time simply to draft the orders of cabinet from his rough notes and to take charge of them. This form of transacting business continued after Frederick was gone, but began then to have a very different meaning and effect. These secretaries, originally merely clerks, began now to

rival the ministers in influence. From drafting orders of cabinet they passed to practically originating them; and as they had the advantage, which the ministers had not, of personal communication with the king, they gradually reduced the ministers to mere tools. Meanwhile they had no real responsibility, and at the same time, compared with the ministers, they had no accurate knowledge of the affairs they conducted. The particular cabinet secretary who controlled foreign affairs, making Haugwitz, and as far as he could, Hardenberg also his agent, was one Lombard, a Frenchman by birth, and very naturally suspected, though Hardenberg pronounces him not guilty, of being in Napoleon's pay. Just before the catastrophe came, Stein complained in a letter to the king that "the guidance of the diplomatic affairs of the state, at a period unparelled in modern history, is in the impure and feeble hands of a French poetaster of mean extraction, a *roué*, in whom is combined with moral corruption a complete physical prostration and decrepitude!"

If we put aside the considerable part which accident played in the fall of Prussia—for Alexander's sudden change of policy at Tilsit was an accident as far as Prussia is concerned—the causes of the catastrophe seem such as we have described: on the one hand, the want of any nation, in the proper sense of the word, underlying the State, on the other hand, a deplorable confusion in the administration arising from a failure of that powerful royal initiative by which the administration had been originally created. And now let us pass from the fall of Prussia to its reconstruction.

We misapprehend the nature of what took place when we say, as we usually do, that some important and useful reforms were introduced by Stein, Hardenberg, and Scharnhorst. In the first place, such a word as reform is not properly applied to changes so vast, and in the second place, the changes then made or at least commenced, went far beyond legislation. We want some word stronger than reform which shall convey that one of the greatest events of modern history now took place in Prussia. Revolution would convey this, but unfortunately we appropriate that word to changes in the form of government, or even mere changes of dynasty, provided they are violent, though such changes are commonly quite insignificant compared to what now took place in Prussia. And the effect of our want of a word is not less

than this—that one of the very greatest events is never heard of among great events, and therefore by the mass of mankind is never heard of at all.

The form of government indeed was not changed. Not merely did the king continue to reign, but no Parliament was created even with powers ever so restricted. Another generation had to pass away before this innovation, which to us seems the beginning of political life, took place. But a nation must be made before it can be made free, and, as we have said, in Prussia there was an administration (in great disorder and an army, but no nation. When Stein was placed at the head of affairs in the autumn of 1807, he seems, at first, hardly to have been aware that anything was called for beyond the reform of the administration, and the removal of some abuses in the army. Accordingly he did reform the administration from the top to the bottom, remodelling the whole machinery both of central and local government which had come down from the father of Frederick the Great. But the other work also was forced upon him, and he began to create the nation by emancipating the peasantry, while Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were brooding over the ideas which, five years later, took shape in the *Landwehr* of East Prussia. Besides emancipating the peasant he emancipated industry,—everywhere abolishing that strange caste system which divided the population rigidly into nobles, citizens, and peasants, and even stamped every acre of land in the country with its own unalterable rank as noble, or citizen, or peasant land.

Emancipation, so to speak, had to be given before enfranchisement. The peasant must have something to live for; free-will must be awakened in the citizen; and he must be taught to fight for something before he could receive political liberty. Of such liberty Stein only provided one modest germ. By his *Städteordnung* he introduced popular election into the towns. Thus Prussia and France set out towards political liberty by different roads. Prussia began modestly with local liberties, but did not for a long time attempt a Parliament. France with her *charte*, and in imitation of France many of the small German States, had grand popular Parliaments, but no local liberties. And so for a long time Prussia was regarded as a backward State. F. von Raumer complains in 1828: "In Paris we are often obliged to hear it said, 'We live in a constitutional country, while you, you know

. . . ' In spite of the polite suppression of the sentence this simply means, 'We are free, but you are still slaves and subject to an unchecked tyranny.' " He protests that this representation is quite unjust so long as the Prussians have Stein's *Städteordnung*. It is to be added, however, that it was only by accident that Stein stopped short at municipal liberties and created no parliament. He would have gone further, and in the last years of the wartime Hardenberg did summon deliberative assemblies, which, however, fell into disuse again after the peace. For as the legislation of those years may be called a revolution, so the reaction which set in afterwards might be regarded as a counter-revolution. The reformers were driven from office, calumniated, and persecuted; the *Städteordnung* was revised in 1831; instead of the promised Parliament only Provincial Estates, carefully controlled by government, were instituted; and the reformed administration, working with more unity and efficiency than before, became that imperious bureaucracy which Schön compared to the Catholic priesthood, and of which a leading member rebuked some Prussian citizens for supposing that with their "narrow private understanding" they could possibly form a judgment of the views of the government!

In spite however of all reaction, the change irrevocably made by the legislation of that time was similar to that made in France by the Revolution, and caused the age before Jena to be regarded as an *ancien régime*. But in addition to this, a change had been made in men's minds and thoughts by the shocks of the time, which prepared the way for legislative changes which have taken place since. How unprecedented in Prussia, for instance, was the dictatorial authority wielded by Hardenberg early in 1807, by Stein in the latter part of that year and in 1808, and by Hardenberg again from 1810 onwards! Before that time in the history of Prussia we find no subject eclipsing or even approaching the king in importance. Prussia had been made what she was almost entirely by her electors and kings. In war and organization alike all had been done by the Great Elector or Frederick William I., or Frederick the Great. But now this is suddenly changed. Everything now turns on the minister. Weak ministers are expelled by pressure put upon the king, strong ones are forced upon him. He is compelled to create a new ministerial power much greater than that of an English prime minister, and more

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like that of a grand vizier, and by these dictators the most comprehensive innovations are made. The loyalty of the people was not impaired by this; on the contrary, Stein and Hardenberg saved the monarchy; but it evidently transferred the monarchy, though safely, to a lower pedestal; it evidently prepared the way for such constitutionalism as we now see.

Another powerful impulse moved the State in the same direction. If we consider the transformation of Prussia as covering the whole period between 1807 and 1813, we may consider that it was accomplished in two movements. The first was the legislative movement guided by dictatorial ministers — Stein in 1807 and 1808, Hardenberg in 1810 and 1811. The second is the great popular movement which ended in the War of Liberation. Now, while in the former the king for the first time in Prussian history is eclipsed by his ministers, in the latter the initiative is taken out of the hands of the government altogether, and the most important step of all is taken by a parliamentary assembly. The great transition of Prussia from the French to the Russian alliance at the beginning of the year 1813 was begun and wellnigh completed without the intervention, and ostensibly against the wish, of the Prussian government. It began with Yorck's Convention of Taurögen, which was concluded on his own responsibility, and was afterwards disavowed by the government. Then came the meeting of the Estates of East Prussia at Königsberg. In this assembly Yorck appeared and spoke openly of "beating the French wherever he should find them;" and yet the French were at this time the king's allies! The assembly then proceeded to make one of the greatest institutions of modern Prussia — they created the *Landwehr*. But of course they were summoned by the king, and acted under his directions? Not at all; they were summoned by Stein, and his commission did not run in the name of the king of Prussia, but in that of the emperor and autocrat of all the Russias!

No doubt the king resumed a little later the guidance of his people. The *Landwehrordnung* was sanctioned by him and extended to the other provinces. Nevertheless, such a fact as the creation of the *Landwehr* by a Parliament, and a Parliament not summoned by the king, could not be forgotten. It tolled the knell of the absolute monarchy in Prussia. No wonder that when, a month after, Stein lay at death's door in the Hotel Zum Zepfer at Breslau, the king, though the court

was in the same town, would know nothing about him, and caused no inquiries to be made after his health.

Parallel with this fall and reconstruction of Prussia we see the fall and reconstruction of Germany. Here too the first step is to create, so to speak, the nation. A great space had to be traversed from the time when Lessing and Herder wrote of the very virtue of patriotism with disapprobation, wondering at the same time what the feeling might be like, to the days of Arndt and Körner. And when the feeling had been awakened the difficulty of expressing it in institutions seemed to have grown greater than ever. The Confederation of the Rhine had thrown half Germany into the foreign camp. New kings had been created, all whose interests were involved in the division of Germany. At the moment of the fall of Napoleon, perhaps, with decision and good fortune, something might have been done. Stein, who is even greater in the history of Germany than he is in the history of Prussia, formed a daring plan of dethroning the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine along with their master, and in this way constituting the unity of Germany, or at least its duality under Austria and Prussia, at the same time that its independence was secured. But Metternich disappointed him. And we have witnessed since the slow and wonderful attainment of the same goal by another path.

This chapter of history has commonly been thought uninviting, partly I suppose because of the intricate appearance which German history always presents from the multitude of small States, partly, perhaps, because the Germans do not write history in a dramatic or epigrammatic style. The first difficulty lies altogether on the surface; as to the second, it must be confessed that the Germans as a nation have not the art of posing like their neighbors. The French contrive to make the long ignominy and decay of Louis XV.'s reign interesting, while the Germans cannot make even the age of Stein and Hardenberg seem so. Nor, I fear, will the two thousand judicious pages in German type, which have suggested this paper, mend the matter. German history will never be read by the novel-reading public. But that it should be read by *nobody* seems a pity. It is quite as instructive and important as other history. And if it does not make a good novel of plot, it makes, at least in the age we are thinking of, a very fair novel of character. It is unfortunate that the only biography of an eminent

German politician of that age which is known to the English public is confessedly unsatisfactory from the political point of view. Miss Winkworth, when she translated Niebuhr's life, regretted in her preface that "the account given in it of his public career was very incomplete, and by no means one that enabled the reader to perceive the relation in which Niebuhr stood to his times." Yet Niebuhr's character is so interesting, even when a good part of it is left in the shade, that two or three editions of the book have been called for. Let some one put by the side of it a portrait executed on the same scale of the other great scholar-statesman of Prussia, W. von Humboldt, the great educational reformer and founder of the University of Berlin. The life of Arndt, with its wanderings and adventures, might be made even popular. Blücher, Gneisenau, and Yorck, are striking military figures. Scharnhorst is perhaps more important than any of these, but his reserved and unimpassioned character is not much adapted for biography, at least if we may judge from the admitted failure of Klipfel's attempt; but perhaps the rising historian, Max Lehmann, who promises a new life of Scharnhorst, will teach us better. The age too is rich in interesting specimens of more or less perverted character. Such are Dalberg, prince primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, Johannes Müller, Gentz, the first king of Württemberg.

Who, in all this assemblage of characters, holds the regal position? I think it is the proud *Reichsfreiherr*, Karl von Stein, greater than any by the breadth of his views and the commanding force of his character, even if we should grant that Hardenberg might claim to rival him in the sum of his achievements. Our author closes his work with an elaborate comparison between the two statesmen, in which, as was natural, and perhaps proper, in a life of Hardenberg, somewhat more than justice is done to him, and somewhat less to Stein. The great superiority of Stein lies in the influence he exerted outside Prussia upon Germany as a whole. In 1813 it was the custom to speak of him as emperor of Germany; and the phrase was a happy way of marking that, as our author says, he was "the first and grandest representative of the German idea." Who else could write as early as 1812 what Stein wrote to Count Münster?—"I am sorry your Excellency suspects a Prussian in me and betrays a Hanoverian in yourself. I have but one fatherland,

and that is Germany; and as under the old Constitution I belonged to Germany alone, and not to any part of Germany, so to Germany alone, and not to any part of it, I am devoted with my whole heart." It is the strangest ignorance which pictures this great-hearted man—who had his life in large and simple ideas, and who has been called Germany's political Luther—merely as a successful legislator on land questions.

If we made a commencement by becoming familiar with the lives of a few of these men, we should find the fog which now hides German politics from our view insensibly dissipated, and I believe, also, we should be astonished at the richness, variety, and interest of the scene which would be disclosed. J. R. SEELEY.

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

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CHAPTER XLI.

CHICAGO.

WE knew nothing of this dire announcement, though it was in every one of the newspapers published in Chicago that day. We were full of curiosity about this wonderful city that had sprung up like Jonah's gourd; and as we drove through its busy thoroughfares—the huge blocks of buildings looking like the best parts of Glasgow indefinitely extended—and as we saw the smoky sky over our head streaked in every direction with a black, rectangular spider's web of telegraph wires—and as we caught glimpses at the end of the long thoroughfares of the tall masts of ships—we knew that we had indeed reached the great commercial capital of the far West. And, indeed, we very speedily found that the genius of this big, eager, ostentatious place was too strong for us. We began to revel in the sumptuousness of the vast and garishly furnished hotels; we wanted more gilding, more marble, more gaudy

coloring of acanthus leaves. A wild desire possessed us to purchase on speculation all the empty lots available; we would cover every frontage foot with gold, and laugh at all the assessments that were ever levied. Look at this spacious park on the south side of the town; shall we not have a mansion here more gorgeous than the mind of man can conceive, with horses to shoot along these wide drives like a flash of lightning? We began to entertain a sort of contempt for people living on the north side of the town. It was hinted to us that they gave themselves airs. They read books and talked criticism. They held aloof from ordinary society, looked on a prominent civic official as a mere shyster, and would have nothing to do with a system of local government controlled by thirty thousand bummers, loafers, and dead-beats. Now we condemned this false pride. We gloried in our commercial enterprise. We wanted to astound the world. Culture? This was what we thought about culture: "It is with a still more sincere regret that the friends of a manly, vigorous, self-supporting, and self-dependent people, fitted for the exercise of political liberty, see that the branches of culture called blacksmithing, corn-growing, carpentering, millinery, bread-making, etc., are not included in the course of studies prescribed for the Chicago public schools. Society is vastly more concerned in the induction of its youthful members into these branches of culture than it is in teaching them to bawl harmoniously and beat the hewgag melodiously." Yes, indeed. Confound their hewgags, and all other relics of an effete civilization! And again: "This city, and every other American city, is crowded with young persons of both sexes that have been 'cultured' by a vicious and false public-school system in music, drawing, and other fanciful and fashionable but practically useless arts, but that are actually incapable, by reason of their gross ignorance, of earning an honest living. They have acquired, under some well-paid 'professor' (who has bamboozled himself into the erroneous belief that he and his profession are necessary to the existence of society), some smattering of 'musical culture,' pencil-sketching, etc., but of the practical arts and sciences of living and getting a living they are more profoundly ignorant than south-African Hottentots." What would our friends on the north side say to that?

"Bell," said the lieutenant, as we were driving through this spacious southern

park, in the clear light of the afternoon, "I suppose that we shall be allowed to come up here occasionally from the ranch — what do you say? — for a frolic, and for to spend a little money? I would like to have one of these little traps — it is like the ghost of a trap — *Ad!* look at that fellow now!"

We looked at him as well as we could; but he had flashed by before we could quite make out what he was sitting on. In fact, there was nothing visible of the vehicle but two large and phantom wheels, and a shaft like a prolonged spider's leg; while the driver, with his hands stretched forward and his feet shot out before him, and therefore almost bent double, was, according to all appearance, clinging on as if for dear life to the horse's tail.

"It would be very fine to go whizzing through the air like that, and very good exercise for the arms too —"

"But where should I be?" asked his wife, with some indignation. Certainly a vehicle that seemed to have no inside at all — that appeared to be the mere simulacrum of a vehicle — could not very well contain two.

"Where would you be?" said the lieutenant, innocently. "It is Chicago. You would be divorced."

It was this recalling of the divorce business that led us to see the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Balfour & Co. To tell the truth, we were not much interested in American politics; and while there were plenty of new things to be seen everywhere around us, we did not spend much time over the papers. But on this evening Queen T. had got hold of one of the daily journals to look at the advertisements about divorce. She read one or two aloud to us.

"There, you see," she remarked, addressing Bell more particularly, "you can run up here from the ranch any time you like, and become a free woman. 'Residence not material.' 'Affidavits sufficient proof.' 'No charge unless successful.' And the only ground that needs to be stated is the safe one of incompatibility. So that whenever husband and wife have a quarrel, here is the remedy. It is far more swift than trying to make up the quarrel again."

"And a good deal more pleasant too," remarks a humble voice.

Whither this idle talk might have led us need not now be guessed. The little woman's face suddenly grew ghastly pale. Her eye had been carelessly wandering away from that advertising column, and

had lit on the telegram announcing the suspension of Balfour's firm. But she uttered no word and made no sign.

Indeed, there is a great courage and firmness in this gentle creature when the occasion demands. In the coolest possible manner she folded up the newspaper. Then she rose with a look of weariness.

"Oh, dear me," said she, "I suppose I must go and get all these things out. I wish you would come and open my big box for me," she adds, addressing her humble slave and attendant.

But all that affectation of calmness had gone by the time she had reached her own room.

"See!" she said, opening the paper with her trembling small white fingers. "See! Balfour is ruined—he has lost all his money—half a million of debts—oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Must I tell her? Shall I tell her at once?"

Certainly the news was startling, but there was no need to cry over it.

"Oh, I know," she said, with the tears starting to her eyes; "if I were to tell her now, she will start for England to-morrow morning. And I will go back with her," she adds, wildly—"I will go back with her. You can go on to Colorado by yourself. Oh, the poor child! she will fly to him at once——" And still she stares through her wet eyes at this brief announcement, as if it were some talisman to change the whole course of our lives.

"Come, come, come," is the patient remonstrance. "You have got to consider this thing quietly, or you may blunder into an awkward position, and drag her with you."

"How, then?" she says. "It must be true, surely."

"You are taking heaps of things for granted. If you consider that absence and distance and a good deal of covert lecturing have told on the girl's mind—if you think that she would now really be glad to go back to him, with the knowledge that people have got to put up with a good deal in married life, and with the intention of making the best of it—that is all very well; that is first-rate. You have effected a better cure than I expected——"

"Don't you see it yourself?" she says, eagerly. "Don't you see how proudly she talks of 'my husband' now? Don't you see that every moment she is thinking of England? *I know.*"

"Very well; very good. But then, something depends on Balfour. You can't tell what his wishes or intentions may be. If he had wanted her to know he would

have telegraphed to her, or caused her father to telegraph to her. On the other hand, if you take this piece of news to her, she will appeal to you. If she should wish to go back to England at once, you will have to consent. Then you can not let her go back alone——"

"And I will not!" says this brave little woman, in a fury of unselfishness.

"Well, the fact is, as it appears to an unemotional person, there might be, you see, some little awkwardness, supposing Balfour was not quite prepared——"

"A man in trouble, and not prepared to receive the sympathy of his wife!" she exclaims.

"Oh, but you must not suppose that Balfour is living in a garret on dry crusts—the second act of an Adelphi drama, and that kind of thing! People who fail for half a million are generally pretty well off afterward——"

"I believe Mr. Balfour will give up every penny he possesses to his creditors!" she says, vehemently; for her belief in the virtue of the men of whom she makes friends is of the most uncompromising sort.

"No doubt it is a serious blow to an ambitious man like him; and then he has no profession to which he can turn to retrieve himself. But all that is beside the question. What you have got to consider is your guardianship of Lady Sylvia. Now if you were to sit down and write a fully explanatory letter to Mr. Balfour, telling him you had seen this announcement, giving your reasons for believing that Lady Sylvia would at once go to him if she knew, and asking him to telegraph a 'yes' or 'no;' by that time, don't you see, we should be getting toward the end of our journey, and could ourselves take Lady Sylvia back. A week or two is not of much consequence. On the other hand, if you precipitate matters, and allow the girl to go rushing back at once, you may prevent the very reconciliation you desire. That is only a suggestion. It is none of my business. Do as you think best; but you should remember that the chances are a hundred to one that Lady Sylvia sees or hears something of this telegram within the next day or two."

A curious happy light had stolen over this woman's face, and the soft dark eyes were as proud as if she were thinking of a fortune suddenly inherited instead of one irretrievably lost.

"I think," said she, slowly—"I think I could write a letter that would make Mr. Balfour a happy man, supposing he

has lost every penny he has in the world."

Any one could see that the small head was full of busy ideas as she mechanically got out her writing-materials and placed them on the table. Then she sat down. It was a long letter, and the contents of it were never known to any human being except the writer of it and the person to whom it was sent. When she had finished it, she rose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Perhaps," said she, with a reflective air — "perhaps I should have expressed some regret over this misfortune."

"No doubt you spoke of it as a very lucky thing."

"I can't say," she admitted, frankly, "that I am profoundly sorry."

Indeed, she was not at all sorry; and from that moment she began to take quite a new view of Chicago. There could be no doubt that this person of High-Church proclivities, who liked to surrender her mind to all manner of mysteriously exalted moods, had from the very first regarded this huge dollar-getting hive with a certain gentle and unexpressed scorn. What was that she had been hinting about a person being able to carry about with him a sort of moral atmosphere to keep him free from outside influence, and that the mere recollection of the verse of a song would sometimes suffice? Lady Sylvia and she had been talking of some of Gounod's music. Were we to conclude, then, that as she wandered through this mighty city, with its tramways and harbors and telegraphs and elevators, that she exorcised the demon of money-getting by humming to herself, "Ring on, sweet angelus!" As she passed through the Babel of price-quoters in the central hall of the hotel, it was no echo of their talk that got into her brain, but quite a different echo: —

Hark! 'tis the angelus, sweetly ringing
O'er hill and vale;

Hark! how the melody maidens are singing
Floats on the gale!

Ring on, sweet angelus, though thou art shaking
My soul to tears!

Voices long silent now with thee are waking
From out the years —
From out the years!

That may have been so; but anyhow, on the morning after she had despatched her

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letter to Balfour, she entered into the business of sight-seeing with quite a new spirit. She declared that Chicago, for a great city, must be a delightful place to live in. Away from the neighborhood of the manufactories the air was singularly pure and clear. Then there were continual cool winds coming in from the lake to temper the summer heat. Had anybody ever seen grass more green than that in the vast projected park on the southern side, which would in time become one of the most noble parks in the world? She considered that the park on the northern side was beautifully laid out, and that the glimpses of Lake Michigan which one got through the trees were delightful. She greatly admired the combination of red sandstone and slightly yellowed marble which formed the fronts of the charming villas in those pretty gardens; and as for drives — well, she thought the chief part of the population of Chicago must live on wheels. It was so rare to find this august lady in so generous and enthusiastic a mood that we all began to admire Chicago; and quite envied our relative the ranch-woman in that she would be able to forsake her savage wilderness from time to time for this centre of the arts and civilization. We revelled in all the luxuries of a great city, while as yet these were possible to us. We went to theatres, concerts, picture-exhibitions. We drove out to the park in the afternoon to hear the band play. We purchased knickknacks for friends at home — just as if we had been a party of tourists.

"Come," said our German ex-lieutenant on the final day of our stay there, "this is our last great town, is it not? before we go away to the swamps, and the prairies, and to the bowie-knives. Shall we not dress for dinner? And I propose that the dinner is at eight. And we will drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of this fine town."

The women would not hear of this proposal in its entirety; for as we had to start by train about eleven at night, they did not relish the notion of pulling out all their finery and putting it back again in a hurry. But we dined at eight all the same; and we did not fail to drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of that fine town. Long before midnight we were all fast asleep in snug berths, the train whirling us on through the darkness toward the country of the Mississippi.

From Good Words.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, R.N.

TWO years ago all the newspapers contained some account, more or less, of Goodenough's death, and many will remember how they suddenly came upon words there such as are seldom read anywhere — words that went straight to the heart and filled the eyes with unbidden tears, not of sorrow. His memoirs have now been published by his wife, and the book — one of some bulk — has doubtless carried the lesson of a noble life into many a home and many a ship; still it is probable that a considerable portion of our readers are not yet acquainted with a story which gives us a heartening glimpse of the purest Christian heroism in the midst of our most advanced civilization.

It was the manner of his death that fixed the eyes of the world on Commodore Goodenough; but men die as they live: no circumstances could have suddenly produced that display of heroism in its highest form; we must look for the secret of it in the faithful discipline to which he had subjected his spirit during more than thirty years of labor and success. When the poisoned arrows struck him on the beach of Santa Cruz, in August 1875, Goodenough had scarcely lived forty-four years and eight months. He was nearing by rapid strides the highest place in his profession, and might very lawfully anticipate many years of usefulness and honor. Yet he left all, not only without a sigh, but with a smile. Now that we have read the record in which a worthy love has embalmed his life, we understand how this came about.

One lesson which Dean Goodenough, his father, taught him at the early age of seven years may have done something towards moulding the man who compelled many difficulties to give way before him. The boy's pony had a trick of bolting in at the stable gate, and his father "insisted on the little boy riding up and down the road till long after dark one winter evening, and till he had mastered his pony."

Nothing is said of the origin of his religious impressions; indeed, the memoir is more reticent about such matters than some would wish, though we are disposed to regard such reticence as, under the circumstances, anything but a fault.

It was a rare occurrence [says Mrs. Goodenough] for him to speak of his inner life and thoughts, and of his faith; and therefore to many, who thought they knew him well, the last few days of his life were a revelation, and

they then first learnt what was the secret spring of the life they had admired and revered.

It may be assumed that the son of the Dean of Wells and grandson of a bishop imbibed Christian influences during the seven years of childhood, the only years spent at home. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and there can be no doubt as to the root from which there grew such blossoms and fruits as clothed Goodenough's life from first to last. He is spoken of by an intimate companion at Westminster (we presume Captain Clements Markham, who has lately told us the story of life in the Arctic regions) as having been when under ten years of age what he continued to be in manhood — "honorable, true, tender-hearted, modest, brave, and a hater of all evil things. There was something in his society which roused others unconsciously. . . . Everybody liked him and rejoiced at his successes in school and on the water, which were extraordinary for so young a boy." At the same time he had some fighting to do with his fists, as boys at public schools unfortunately have, and he did it thoroughly well, beating boys older than himself.

On the 7th of September, 1844, when he wanted still two months of fourteen years, he sailed for the Pacific as midshipman in the "Collingwood," and that old two-decker was his home till the 12th of August, 1848. In the course of these four years he saw much of the world and developed the good character he had begun to show at Westminster. He gave himself heartily to the study of his profession; he acquired a knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, which proved of great service in after-life; he became the favorite equally of his fellow youngsters, in whose rambles ashore he was leader, and of the naval instructor, whose cabin he frequented for quiet study. "Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and in all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions." At Juan Fernandez, when he cannot have been over sixteen years of age, an incident occurred which remarkably brought out the unselfishness and courage of his nature. He was rambling with a companion among dense foliage, and, being a few steps in advance, suddenly fell over a precipice, spraining his ankle and getting very severely cut. His companion, on coming up, heard Goodenough's voice from below eagerly warning him not to follow, though

he himself was lying in extreme pain in a spot from which he could not be got out for twenty-four hours. His companion never forgot that warning cry, which probably saved his life, and which added a feeling of reverence to his love for such a messmate.

No wonder that when the "Collingwood" was paid off the captain named Goodenough to the port-admiral as one of the juniors with whom he was specially satisfied, and wrote across his certificate, "An officer of promise." The promise was nobly redeemed.

The only prize of scientific merit open to him in these days was the lieutenant's commission given to the mate who passed the best examination after a year at the Royal Naval College. For this he went in, and won it in July 1851. His competitor was also his most intimate friend, and now looks back to that year of close companionship as one in which the good and great qualities which endeared Goodenough to him ripened and intensified. "We taught in the Sunday school together; we read and prayed together every night." His refreshment from hard work was found in attending the Bible reading which Sir Edward Parry held with the seamen in Hasler Hospital. Having won his commission he sailed in H.M.S. "Centaur" for the South American station, and spent there two years and a half; but the only new thing told us about this period is that he interested himself in the ship's boys, teaching them on Sunday afternoons. His next ship was the "Hastings," in which he served under fire at the bombardment of Sweaborg, and the chaplain tells us he found the young lieutenant his friend and counsellor in every scheme for the good of the junior officers and crew. "He was genial, kind, and sympathetic, and would help me at all times to gain the end I had in view, without violating ship's rules and naval discipline. He supported me in introducing the celebration of the Lord's Supper, then almost an unknown thing on board ship." When a youth full of spirit, talent, and professional ardor spends the critical years of life from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth after such a fashion, not ashamed of his religion either in private or public, yet allowing none to excel him in diligence and all manliness, we know what the end will be under whatever circumstances the end may come.

The way in which the following story comes to us is as significant of Goodenough's character as the story itself. In

1857 he was at the taking of Canton and was put in command of five guns and a party of fifty men. In 1874 one of these men, who had left the navy and settled in Adelaide, met Goodenough by chance in the streets of that city when he was commodore of the Australian station, the best-known and best-liked man in that portion of her Majesty's dominions. With very excusable pride the old seaman writes to Mrs. Goodenough, telling how, "although seventeen years had passed since I last saw him, I recognized my old commander. We had a short conversation, and I begged for a visit, which he did me the honor to pay next day, and had a quiet cup of tea with me and my wife; and we had an hour's delightful conversation." He then goes on to relate how just before they went into action at Canton, he saw his leader standing with his face to a wall, a naked sword in his hand, and in the act of slowly opening his eyes, after silent prayer; how this made him think of the Bible story of Gideon and his three hundred; how, when the rush on the foe was made, Goodenough singled out and engaged a big Tartar mandarin, breaking the strap of his field-glass and flinging it away because it hindered him in the struggle; and how, when they were looking for the glass after the enemy had been scared away, they came on a Tartar lying wounded in the thigh, and he saw Goodenough empty his water-bottle into the dying man's mouth. "That man's look was a reward for the self-denial; if a painter could have painted such a look it would have created a sensation." By all means let it be painted; and a companion picture too of the young hero standing in prayer with his face to the wall, the gleaming sabre gripped in his right hand. Nothing could better illustrate the simple genuineness of his nature in its piety, its courage, its humanity.

In May of 1864 he found leisure to marry, although it was not until ten years later, and then away in Sydney, that he was able to "form his first and only established and settled home," so constantly was he kept moving from one remote place to another. He was in America during the Civil War to gather information on behalf of our government, as to matters touching his branch of the service. After that he served as flag-captain of the Channel squadron for three or four years. He was no sooner relieved from that post on the 25th of October, 1870, than, seeing an appeal for volunteers to assist in distributing food in connection with the French

Peasant Relief Fund, he offered himself, and by the 8th of November he had started with his wife for the neighborhood of Sedan, to spend the remainder of the year in hard work of a kind for which his head and heart and habits made him eminently fit. The director of the undertaking thus expressed the delight with which he and his companions hailed Captain Goodenough as a helper:—

In the dreariest period of the gloomiest of November, when autumnal rains were giving place to snow and sleet and frozen winter fogs, and we, whose business it was to convey food and clothing over the slippery and almost impassable roads to the destitute in the villages about Sedan, were almost in despair at the task we had undertaken and were in sore need of encouragement, there came in answer to our appeal for volunteers a man, the very sight of whom at once communicated new life to us. Here was a man, the very model of an Englishman, with unbounded energy, and combining extreme gentleness with an iron sense of duty; born to command, and with a genius for communicating the love of order and regularity which characterized him; a man before whom one could only feel inclined to bow down; here was this man come to place himself meekly under orders, and to go plodding day after day through snow and slush.

In August 1871 Goodenough was appointed "naval attaché to the maritime courts of Europe, with orders to visit the different arsenals of the Continent, and to report to the Foreign Office upon the navies of the European powers." At St. Petersburg he picked up one of the best of the good stories which he used to tell. He visited a factory which was shown with much ostentation as having a management exclusively Russian, and went over the whole of it without being undeceived; but at the lunch which followed an unassuming individual came in. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said the director, "this is our Scotchman, taken over with the establishment." "Yes," said the Scotchman in unmistakable accents, "lot ninety-nine!"

In April of 1873 Goodenough was made commodore of the Australian station, in command of H.M.S. "Pearl;" and much useful and honorable work filled up the brief remainder of his life. Those who are interested in the annexation of Fiji, in the missionary work going on in Polynesia, or in the kidnapping known as the labor traffic, will find much information, capitally given, in the commodore's journal, which forms the larger half of this volume. One is tempted to quote racy accounts of adventures on shore, such as

that of an excursion in which he took one hundred and thirty men and officers from his ship to the top of a volcano on Tanna, getting the missionary for guide, and finding him "a famous walker and a good companion;" but we must rather, before describing his death, give the reader an idea of two things in which there was a significant revelation of character. One is the position he took up in connection with the temperance question, which it will be best to present in the words of his wife:—

In the spring of 1870 Captain Goodenough was asked to take the chair at a large tea-meeting given to the seamen by some English residents at Lisbon, who were promoters of the temperance cause; and speaking on this occasion, he told his hearers how much he appreciated their efforts and wished them success—that though he considered total abstinence a less high standard than temperance, yet, looking upon it as an extraordinary remedy for an extraordinary evil, he felt that in many cases it was a man's only safeguard, and the only means of saving him from ruin: adding, that he thought it right to tell them that, though he approved and applauded what they were doing, he did not do it himself. In June, on the return of the squadron to Portsmouth, he was asked to a similar meeting at the Sailors' Home in Portsea, and spoke in similar terms; but on his return from this second meeting, he came to the conclusion that he could not, consistently with his own ideas of right and wrong, continue to advise people to do what he did not do himself. Having already become much more firmly impressed with the advantages of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors—an opinion which gained strength with him every year that he lived—he from that day, though he took no pledge, gave up the use of all wine, beer, or spirits; and, except in case of illness, continued to do so all his life.

He had at first, as he once expressed it in a letter, taken the step out of sympathy with those who were doing what they could to raise his men, and to make their path easier; but as he continued he found it of increasing value, not only furnishing him with an answer to those who said—excusing themselves, or others, for any excess—that it was impossible to do without stimulants in hot climates, or after much hard work, but he also found his own health improve, and when again in the tropics he observed that he suffered less from the climate than he had ever done, and that he was, as he said at a meeting at Sydney only a few weeks before his death, "as much up to hard work, as ready for any enjoyment, any exertion, or exposure (even to passing a night under a tree), as I have ever been in my life, or even more so." (Pp. 78, 79.)

The other thing which has arrested our attention specially is the way in which, so

early as his thirty-third year, he looked forward to death. Just before sailing for the United States he had become engaged. The following words occur in a letter sent from that country to the lady soon to be his wife:—

December 20th, 1863.

It is a happy thing to begin a day with such vivid poetry, so rich and full of meaning, as that fifth chapter of Isaiah, especially in the dreamy life of a passage, when one's thoughts are not violently disturbed. How immensely humbling and still how soothing they are! How one always feels the beauty of them afresh, and in a new way from the last. . . . I have thought of death sometimes with a weary expectant wonder, and now it is all so different. It seems more like the happy crown of life. I was reading yesterday of Johnson's intense dread of death,—as death, the end—and of his saying that every one feared death whose thoughts were not occupied by some stronger feeling which displaced, but did not conquer that one. I think that saying quite true, and that the fear of death can only be blotted out by looking beyond and upwards to the Hands which help us over. You don't mind my talking of death; for you would have me brave, and the only real bravery is that which can look quite calmly and in cold blood upon it.

December 23rd, 1863.

How beautiful those words are, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things," and it is understood, "knows all things to forgive, and to love us still." *How true it is that love is strongest of all!*

The end came thus. The commodore had come to the place where John Cole-ridge Patteson, first bishop of Melanesia, had fallen on the 20th of September, 1871, at the age which he himself had now reached, forty-four. It is worth while to take note of the dates of the following extracts from Goodenough's last letter:—

*OFF SANTA CRUZ,
Thursday, Aug. 12th, 1875.*

I am going on shore to the spot where the "Sandfly" was last year, to see if I can't make friends with the unfortunates, who seem most friendly and anxious to be civil.

Tuesday, August 17th.—But I was disappointed. I take it they are an intractable people, without much respect for authority or for each other. I wrote the above on Thursday, thinking that in the very remote possibility of anything occurring you should have my last word. [After a minute and vivid account of his interview with the natives, he proceeds:] I saw Harrison up a little passage between a stone wall and the side of a hut, and went up to him to see what he was about and to be with him. He was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man who held his bow in his left

hand, and was twiddling his arrows in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes fitting an arrow to the string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace and stared him in the face, *thud* came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted, "To the boats!" pulled the arrow out and threw it away (for which I am sorry) and leapt down to the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out, and helped to push her out into deep water; and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat. . . . Messer came at once and dressed my wound, burning it well out with caustic, and putting on a poultice. The arrow seemed to have struck the rib, and being pulled out at once, no poison (supposing there to have been poison on them) could have been dissolved in the time. To-day is Tuesday, just five days; it seems but a day. In five days more we shall be able to say that all danger of poisoning is over; *but from the first moment I have kept the possibility steadily before me*, so as to be prepared; it is very good to be brought to look upon a near death as more than usually probable. The weather is lovely, and entirely favorable to the little wounds, which are absurdly small. My only trouble is a pain in the small of my back, which is a little against my sleeping. I am exceedingly well. I have asked Perry to put out a statement for the papers so that we may have no outrageously foolish stories. I can only imagine the motive to have been plunder or a sort of running-a-muck. I don't feel . . .

Here some one coming into the cabin interrupted him, and a few hours later that pain in the small of the back proved the first symptom of tetanus. Even the frightful agony produced by that disease, convulsions bending the head to the heels and rapidly making total wreck of the nervous system, was in part overcome "by his immense force of will." In the course of Thursday, during a pause of the torment, he took leave of all his officers, assuring them how he had loved them, saying a fit word to each, telling them of his happiness in the love of God, and bidding each one kiss him as a token that no hastiness on his part was unforgiven by them. He had feared that pain might overcome his better part, and had given directions that "if bad words were heard from him, those with him were to leave him, as it would not be his spirit speaking." He had also feared that some dark picture of his past life might rise before him; but he gratefully made known that,

"instead of that, God would only let him dwell on the words 'with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'" "These words," he said, "were a little window which God had opened to him in heaven;" and he said to the chaplain, "If in pain I cannot smile, let me see you smile, and do you repeat these words."

The same day he insisted on taking leave of the ship's crew, saying, "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it be but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, "The love which God himself will give you if you trust him is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. "When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

He begged the older men, who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "Will you do this for my sake?" He begged the forgiveness, or rather he took for granted the forgiveness, of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even those among them whom he had punished, for he had always seen some good even in the greatest offender. "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learned about it." After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say 'God bless you,' which they did; and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with his exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as he has given me."

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each;

and then, again saying "Good-bye" to all, he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to his bed he said, "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now, but to lie down and die quietly!"

And so on the next day, the Friday, he died quietly and peacefully. On the Monday morning the "Pearl," which had turned back for Sydney as soon as the commodore was wounded, steamed into the harbor with yards scandalized and his ensign and broad-pendant flying half-mast. When his remains were carried to the cemetery they were followed by weeping thousands, his wife and two little boys (God bless them!) walking behind the coffin. When the tidings reached England, the dean of Westminster made his cathedral ring with these words: "Englishmen! when you are tempted to think goodness a dream, or the love of the Almighty a fable, when you are tempted to think lightly of sin, or to waste your time and health in frivolous idleness or foolish vices, or to despair of leading an upright, pure, and Christian life, remember Commodore Goodenough; and remember how in him self was absorbed in duty; and duty was transfigured into happiness, and death was swallowed up in victory."

ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

From The Spectator.
AFRICA "TRANSLATED."

THAT familiar and expressive illustration of incongruity, "a trout on gravel-walk," comes forcibly into one's mind, on beholding the spectacle presented by the enclosure at the Alexandra Palace, where, behind a strong and high barrier of iron wire, a crowd of strange animals and stranger men are exhibited to the spectators collected on a hillside to look at them. The scene is like the woodcut in the old Bibles which represents the Garden of Eden on the naming-day of all the animals, with the candidates waiting about, in attitudes more or less desultory, for the turn of each. The long necks and fine heads of black dromedaries are pushed through the lower spaces in the wire-work, as the animals nibble the edges of the grass; camel-leopards rear their soft noses on high, and feel with their spongy tongues for imaginary leaves of the trees

they have left behind them in Africa; camels moon about, grunting and discontented, as if they wished to know why, as they are not just then being packed or unpacked, or racing, or pursuing the lumbering ostriches — whose forte seems to be the getting in the way of every other animal in the company — they are not allowed to remain in their stables. A large female camel, with a small and fluffy foal, the softest, gentlest little creature imaginable, with a confidence in human beings quite touching, and of course due to its extreme youth, is not an amiable mother, apparently. She administers its lawful nourishment to her offspring reluctantly, and sends it off among the others with promptitude. A very handsome white donkey, with reddish-brown patches, a strong, intelligent, self-willed beast, sniffs the air of Muswell Hill as if it might be a little breezier and a little sandier with advantage; an elephant, who looks surprisingly small among the crowd, considering his vast bulk in his stable, lifts up his trunk and trumpets; while several smaller elephants, yet in their infancy, shamble about in the uncouth fashion of their kind, wagging their mean little tails, and actively canvassing the spectators through the wires for cakes and fruit. The little elephants are very pleasant, friendly fellows, and one of them is a person of resource and enterprise. It was charming to watch him, as he insinuated himself between one of the Nubian tents and a tree-stem, whereon some tempting leaves and shoots were sprouting greenly, quickly slid his trunk along the bark, which it resembled in color and texture, and devoured the twigs, packing them away in his soft, cushiony mouth with haste and furtiveness, remarkably like the demeanor of a child surreptitiously engaged with a jam-pot. It was painful to learn, on the authority of this young person's trainer, who is much attached to his charge, that "green-meat" is very bad for the elephant in this climate. "Gripes!" said the trainer, who had watched this proceeding, shaking his head with prophetic sadness; "gripes! It always does it. And apples are awful, — they *will* give 'em apples in the gardens. As for oranges, they're death to 'em." Cayenne pepper is successfully administered occasionally as a corrective of the results of this cruel kindness. Mild-eyed, silver-gray, horned and humped bovine animals march soberly up and down the length of the enclosure; and by far the strangest sight there, three juvenile "rhinos," all under two years old, trot

about after their keeper, hustling each other close at his heels, and uttering queer little cries, very human-sounding indeed. These massive creatures, enormous in their littleness, with their huge, unwieldy heads, their clumsy limbs, and their great pot-bellied bodies, are exceedingly docile and intelligent. Their keeper, a handsome Nubian lad, talks to them, and they answer him in their odd, squeaky voices, which will become gruff as they grow older; roll and tumble about him, mumble his fingers, and are on the best of terms with him. They are very affable towards strangers also, and come up to be played with, — which is rather embarrassing, for what can one do, except pat their preposterous heads, and think of Sidney Smith's joke about tickling the dome of St. Paul's to amuse the dean and chapter. The effect of this crowd of strange animals, all perfectly tame and harmless, turned loose in the great space of the inclosure, is very striking — quite unlike what one feels at the separate sight of them in the Zoological Gardens — and by degrees, as the business of the "camp" proceeds, the illusion takes hold of one's mind; the books of sport and travel one has read come back to one's memory; these are the creatures who come down to drink, in crowds, at the brink of African lakes, by night, and travel in long, patient procession across the deserts. On the hillside the Nubian huts are constructed; they are made of strips of matting, about a yard and a half high, and in front of each is the "trophy" of its owner. A very unpleasant object is a trophy, consisting of hippopotamus-skulls, all black and ghastly, and the crossed horns and antlers of other animals slain in the chase. The hunters never move without these trophies, are very particular about their mats, never suffering any one but themselves to touch them, and have also brought to this country a huge box full of miscellaneous bones, which is regarded with considerable dislike by their white comrades. Camel-saddles, head-stalls, ropes, leathern water-bottles, shields of rhinoceros-hide, long spears, and sundry clumsy packages lie scattered on the grass and under a wide white canvas tent, until the hour arrives at which the camels are to be laden, and the caravan is to start for the desert journey with respect to which it must be acknowledged the spectators have to make believe very much indeed; and for which the Nubians, under the presidency of the head man, a Turk, in a fez, but who is otherwise inappropriately arrayed in rough English costume, make

ready with unrestrained shouts of laughter. They probably do not see the humor of the proceeding from our point of view of it, but they undoubtedly have a point of view of their own, and insist upon it to each other pretty strongly. It is a good deal assisted, no doubt, by the gravity of the spectators, which is remarkable. A suspicion of the genuineness of the Nubians lurks in the bosoms of many of the visitors, whose notions of "blacks" in the histrionic sense are mostly derived from the "minstrels" of the music-halls; and it is pleasant to observe the ingenuous satisfaction afforded by the growing conviction among the multitude that the color is "fast," and does not "run," when the Nubians do. They believe implicitly in the Turk, and hugely enjoy the legend which circulates among them that he has a wife who has never been out of doors for twenty-one years! but as for blacks, — well, have we not read how "the African Swallower," among the talented company of Mr. Vincent Crummies, was very like an Irishman, and how Corney Delany deceived even Mrs. Paul Rooney, until his ire was aroused to the point of self-betrayal by "the haythens, the Turks." The Nubians are, however, undeniable, and very fine-looking men, for the most part; not in the least ferocious, but with beaming faces, eyes like jewels set in mother-of-pearl, tall, slight, elastic figures, slender hands, the white nails showing strangely at the slim dark finger-ends; and skins of fine smooth close grain, the color a deep brown-black, like the darkest tint of antique bronze, and with the roundness and polish of bronze upon it. Only one or two have the thick lips of the negro, as we think of him, the others have thin, rather wide mouths, with white, perfect teeth, just a little protruding, arched noses, and a peculiarly fine, free carriage of the head. All their hair is wool, close, thick, jet black, elaborately combed, and in some instances curled, raised high over the smooth, polished forehead, and evidently an object of much pride and solicitude. One handsome, saucy lad, who stepped, and jumped, and flung himself off and on his camel, and clung round the neck of an ostrich as if he had not a joint that could be put out or a bone that could be broken about him, having run his lissome fingers with an air of triumph through the six inches or so of upright wool on his own head, smacked his open palm suddenly on the bald pate of one of the European assistants, and then snapped his fingers derisively, with a gleeful shout of laughter

which could not have been surpassed by any white schoolboy. A little man in a white skull-cap is the chief and priest of the party, and it was very curious to observe him summoning them to some mysterious religious ceremony. They all attended promptly, wholly indifferent to the spectators — indeed, their cheerful absence of all restraint is one of the striking features of the spectacle — squatted around him, and made queer gestures with their heads and hands, then broke up the meeting, and began to jump, dance, and lunge playfully at each other's shields with their long spears. Their movements are soft and graceful, they jump strangely and noiselessly with both feet, they fling their long, slender arms out, as they talk and laugh together, and they shout in a musical tone. In the hunting scene, when the camels gallop in their lopsided way, and the ostriches blunder and lollop about, more fussy than frightened, and presenting an appearance of being half-plucked preliminary to being cooked, which was supremely ridiculous, the hunters show to great advantage. They sit, or lie, or dangle about the tall, clumsy animals anyhow, and as they come down to the end of the enclosure, waving their shining black arms, with their white muslin garments fluttering about them, their eyes and teeth glittering, and their wild chattering and laughter ringing in the air, the scene is as strange a one as the most ardent lover of novelty could desire. The lading and starting of the caravan is a curious sight, too, absurd as some of the "properties" are, and the conduct of the camels justifies one's expectations. "Good and mild" they certainly are not; they kick, squeal, bite, and protest, as we have every reason to believe they do in their native lands, and this gives a pleasant realism to the scene. But when the caravan is really started, and is wending its way through the trackless desert of the smooth enclosure — which the ostriches have cleared of pebbles — under escort of the whole troop of Nubians; when the pair of monkeys sit melancholy on a big box slung on the side of a black dromedary, and the camels follow in pairs — like Eliezer's, to the well where he met Rebecca and gave her the earrings — when the little elephants trot demurely, with their flapping ears laid back like saddle-cloths upon their shoulders; and the little "rhinos" plod heavily and whine like children taken out for a walk against their will; when the giraffes come loafing along, with their forelegs all right, but their hind legs conducting themselves independently,

and as if they belonged to somebody else; when the mild bulls plod solemnly, the ropes swaying loosely in the escort's hands; when the ostriches form a flying squadron, with thrust-out necks and thick-lashed eyes, peering into the illimitable wastes of Hornsey Rise, and sniffing the simoom from the quarter of Wood Green, — then the strangeness vanishes! We have seen all this before. Our fondest memories are associated with it, we return to the epoch of tin toys, and the soldiers whom we were forbidden to swallow. This is none other than our own old Noah's ark come to life, and formed in procession; there they are, bless them! all the beasts by twos-and-twos, even the sheep-dogs barking around; only the raven is not there, nor yet the dove; but then, for compensation, we have Shem, Ham, and Japhet, multiplied many times, and in white muslin and bare legs, instead of the "ulsters" of the period.

From Good Words.

A HIDDEN LIFE.

WE all know how in the world of natural science the lines that are laid down to mark off the various divisions from each other, and are at first felt to be useful and true aids to knowledge, have often before long to be revised in view of phenomena that reveal new affinities between orders that had been hitherto regarded as absolutely distinct. So it is, in some measure, in the religious and spiritual world. The lines of separation created by rigid dogmatic constructions are now and again benignantly dimmed or effaced through the presence of some reconciling spirit, who almost unconsciously, and simply by the exhibition of the higher graces, by patience, unselfishness, and the brave bearing of burdens amidst weakness, causes those even who could find no intellectual point of unity with him to say, "After all, he was one of us," and to feel that his unobtrusive ministry of faithful self-denials carries a rich practical lesson to all who may be influenced. We believe that such a service was unobtrusively rendered by him whose memory is preserved in the little volume which recently issued from the press, titled "A Layman's Legacy." Mr. Samuel Greg lived, in the strictest sense, "a hidden life;" he was borne down by losses in his business at an early stage, and was latterly weakened by disease; he made no claims to high intellect-

ual distinction, and underwent all the trials inseparable from a character sensitively fine rather than strong; but his memoir exhibits such devoutness, liberality, largeness of heart, and fine discernment, that we are persuaded his influence will be very deep where it is felt at all, and are certain that it must increase through the publication of his remains by his wife. To aid in this result as far as we can is the purpose of this brief sketch.

Samuel Greg was the fourth son and the eleventh child of Samuel and Hannah Greg, and was born in Manchester on September 6, 1804. His childhood, however, was spent at Quarry Bank, near Wilmslow, where his father owned a factory. As a boy, he delighted both in the rustic rides taken in the neighborhood and in the ongoings of the factory life, affording thus an early forecast of his love of nature and his interest in industrial work and workers. At seven he was sent to the school of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, a well-known Unitarian, at Nottingham. Here, timid and sensitive as he was, he suffered much misery from homesickness and other causes. We are told, however, that "he made friends for himself among the teachers as well as among the boys, with some of whom he remained on terms of warm affection as long as they lived." Thus early the love of poetry sprang up in him, and proved a solace. The delights of meditation, too, were revealed to him while at Nottingham. "He used to tell how he would go up to his bedroom in the dark, and sit down between the two little beds and give himself some question to answer, or some subject of meditation, upon which he taught himself to fix his attention."

From Nottingham, at the age of fifteen, he went to the school of the well-known Dr. Lant Carpenter at Bristol. Here he had for schoolfellows the Rev. James Martineau, Miss Mary Carpenter, the Rev. S. Bache, and the late Lord Suffolk. His literary tastes were now encouraged, and he was made to feel less of a child and more of a friend and companion to his elders.

After leaving Bristol he spent a year or two in learning mill-work at home; but his love of science was encouraged by attendance at a course of lectures in Edinburgh in 1823. When he returned to Quarry Bank, we find him deep in Adam Smith, and projecting a course of lectures in geography, earnestly intent, also, in making clear to himself the various theories of the atonement; for, though educated as

a Unitarian, he honestly endeavored to examine all points for himself, and would throughout his life have found as little sympathy from rationalizing Unitarians as from dogged Evangelicals. He and his younger brother, Mr. W. Rathbone Greg, found in each other's company the best society. They were never tired talking together of poetry, philosophy, science, politics, and social questions. "They would pace up and down all evening under the stars, and sometimes late into the night, discussing things in heaven and earth with a zest that seemed inexhaustible."

In 1832 Mr. Greg took the Lower House Mill, near to the large manufacturing village of Bollington, on the eastern borders of Cheshire. "He found the place when he took it nearly empty and desolate-looking enough — few people in the village, no machinery in the mill. He had, as it were, to form the place from the beginning, and to import hands from the neighboring districts." In spite of bodily weakness, due to attacks of illness which he had experienced some time before, and which had caused much anxiety to his friends, he went into this work with great energy, feeling that no work could be more interesting than such a creation of a little kingdom of his own, beginning afresh, as it were, in a retired valley, shut out from the rest of the busy world, where he could organize things as he liked. The welfare of his work-people, indeed, soon became an absorbing interest. He incessantly thought and planned for them, and when he married it is clear that he found in Mrs. Greg a willing and sympathizing helpmate. In two letters addressed to Leonard Horner, Esq., he tells how the work proceeded. First, he started a Sunday-school. The superintendent and teachers were drawn entirely from among the workers, to whom he left the management; he himself, however, being present an hour every Sunday. Games and gymnastic exercises were the next thing to look to, in his idea, and accordingly he set apart for this purpose "a field near the mill, that had originally been designed for gardens; and taking advantage of a holiday," he says, "I called some of the boys together and commenced operations." Quoits, trap, cricket, and leap-frog were started; other games were added, as evening by evening the attendance increased; a section was separated for the girls, who had a swing, bowls, etc. Very soon he felt that there was no need for his presence to restrain, though he naively con-

fesses, "I am generally present at the games, because I enjoy them as much as any of the party." Then he established drawing and singing classes, and started winter-evening parties. These were held in the schoolroom, which was handsomely decorated on such occasions. Warm baths were instituted, as well as library, day-school band, and flower-shows. Very careful he was on one point — not to raise individuals above their condition, but to elevate the condition itself; all his efforts had this end in view. His care descended to the minutest details; but he always proceeded on broad principles drawn from patient study of human nature.

"If I wished to make an honest man, or to keep one," he says, "I would treat him with confidence, openness, and respect, and make him feel that I trusted him, and that if he forfeited my good opinion, he would add treachery to dishonor. If I wished to make a man a villain I would treat him with harshness, suspicion, and contempt; and could hardly blame him if I succeeded in the experiment. And so if I wish to make a woman modest, kind, gentle, and mindful of the proper bearing and best graces of her sex, I would treat her with respect, gentleness, and attention, and make her feel that I think her worthy of it all. This plan I have always followed with the fair maidens of our colony, and I have never yet had cause to think that my notion was a false one."

It is not very surprising that in after-days his work-people would wistfully recall these times. "We used to want the morning to come," said one, on reading the account of his death, "that we might get back to our work. But it was not like going to work; we felt more as if we were going to school, or something like that, we were all so happy and comfortable together."

But this season of fair weather did not continue: it is hardly in the nature of things that such seasons should; and if ever man drew wise discipline from the disappointments that succeeded, Mr. Greg did. Mrs. Greg must herself tell of the failures that crushed him: —

In September, 1845, soon after the birth of his eldest son, the family removed to their larger and more commodious quarters at the Mount. But Mr. Greg was not destined long to enjoy his new surroundings. Some time before this he had been trying some new machinery for stretching the cloth, which proved very unpopular in the mill; and the work-people, instead of coming to talk the matter

over, as between friends, trusting to his meeting them in the same spirit, surprised and grieved him by a turn-out. He always regarded such a measure as an extreme step, only to be taken as a last resource, when all other means had failed, and one that need never come if a proper relation existed between master and men; and he was deeply hurt by the want of confidence in him, shown by his people having recourse to it. One of the old inhabitants of the village, speaking of this lately, said, "That was the beginning of our troubles; he never seemed to feel the same after that, and it seemed to break his spirit."

Other cares and grave anxieties supervened. "Bad times," as they are called, came and lasted; profits, never perhaps studied-as vigilantly or pursued as keenly as they should have been, were replaced by losses; the means of carrying out his benevolent schemes were greatly crippled, at the very time when his over-sanguine confidence in their efficiency had been rudely shaken; and mingled disappointment and distress helped to bring on a terrible attack of illness, affecting the spine and nervous system, from which he never entirely recovered. He was obliged to retire altogether from business, and found himself, notwithstanding the kindness and generosity of relations, a comparatively poor man. He felt that he had been struck down in mind, body, and estate, at one blow. The hopes and plans that had made his life worth living, seemed suddenly swept away into darkness; and what added bitterness to the grief, was the feeling that others would point to his model village as a failure, instead of drawing example and encouragement from his success. Perhaps he felt the blow too keenly, and succumbed to it too absolutely. Perhaps a sturdier frame and a less sensitive nature might have taken up the plough again, with matured experience, renewed energy, and chastened hopes. But no one knows what tasks are possible to shattered nerves and broken health, or what is absolutely beyond the reach of the sufferer. There are some maladies which impair every capacity, except the capacity of endurance.

After this, Mr. Greg's chief interests lay in the education of his family, in theological study, in public affairs. He never lost his keen interest in social questions; but for many years he was practically an invalid and unable to take any part in practical life. One sphere of activity he never ceased to find delight in. Whilst at Bollington he had begun to conduct divine service for the people there—a duty for which he was singularly well fitted; and in nothing perhaps does his character more fully express itself than in portions of the sermons which occupy the greater part of the volume. He has the direct simplicity of sincerity and experience: he presents the results of much thought in the

most lucid way, and illustrates it by admirably chosen examples. Passing by very remarkable sermons on the "The Mariner's Compass," "The Voices of the Dead," and "Almost and Altogether," in which he proves that it is easier to be a Christian altogether than to be half a Christian, we take the following from the sermon headed "The One Talent:"—

Those who have but a small trust committed to them are apt to think that, because they have not ten talents, they have not one; that because they are not among the giants of their race, they are nobody; that because they cannot do everything, they can do nothing; and therefore they make no attempt to do anything. This may be mere idleness, or it may be rebellious discontent. Because we cannot be what we should like to be, rich, great, powerful, therefore we will not be what we might be, what God invites us to be, commands us to be. Moreover, because such talents as we have are common to all, or to many, we refuse to recognize that they are talents. And yet some of the very greatest talents given to man are given to all. . . .

Have you the power of speech? Think what that power is. It is the telegraph between mind and mind. By making certain sounds I can communicate the thought that is in my mind to your mind. This, then, is to be used in God's service. It is a talent we seldom wrap up in a napkin, but we often do worse with it. It were better for many men that they were dumb, for they would thus escape much sin. For many, instead of using it for the purpose for which God gave it, use it for the very opposite. The tongue was given that it might praise God and bless men. Often it does neither: it takes the name of God in vain, it blasphemes, it curses, it breathes poison into other's ears, it speaks evil of the good and good of the evil, it sneers at what is innocent and holy, it soils itself with slander, it repeats the evil story which stabs a fellow-creature in the dark, it becomes, in short, a talent of the devil. This is worse than wrapping it in a napkin: we had better have been dumb. And yet what a talent that tongue might have been! What words of truth, and love, and purity, and sublimity, and prayer might have been spoken by it, if only the heart of which it is the utterer were thus noble, pure and loving! How it might have helped along the feeble steps of some friend or neighbor on the right path; how it might have put good thoughts into some darkened mind! how it might have spoken gentle words of comfort to some half-broken, drooping, wounded, or trembling heart! how it might have spoken the word in season for the right and good, or have helped to withstand falsehood and wrong! how it might have gone to some poor trembling spirit, cast down with fear and doubt as to the hereafter, thinking that God's wrath was pursuing it and that weeping and gnashing of teeth were awaiting

it beyond the veil! and how it might have pointed to the heaven above and reminded that spirit of God's love, of his fatherhood to his children, of his mercy, tenderness, and long-suffering, and asked that poor trembler if a God of mercy could so treat a weak child of mortality, the work of his own hand, the child of his own love! and how it might have repeated the words of Christ and the promises of God, till these sounds of heaven should have silenced men's ravings about hell, and perfect trust and love should at length have cast out fear! Might it not have done all this? And if it had done so, would it not have been a talent worth having and worth using? And might not the man who held it have lifted up his face even before his all-perfect Master, and brought his talent, not wrapped in a napkin, but laid down openly, humbly, trustingly, at his feet?

He never loses sight of the practical lesson, though he does not deal in "applications." He occasionally chooses everyday topics, but without being sensational; the following is from the sermon on "Sun shine:"—

There are some who have not the excuse of ill-health, who yet needlessly bring clouds and gloom over what might otherwise be a sunny lot. They allow a fretful and complaining temper to be as a dark shadow, blotting out the brightness from their own lives and the lives of all around them. Look at the man of evil temper. How he darkens the sunshine of heaven! How gloomy is the scene when *he* stands in the midst of it! See the anxious, fearful, unloving, sad, or scowling faces that gather round that man. The sunshine fades away in that evil presence, and a dark, cold chill falls upon the air around. Look at another—the man of kindly temper and loving heart, the smile in the eye, the word of cheery kindness on the lip, the helping hand, the strong or ready arm, the upward-looking eye. He stands the centre of a smiling circle looking on him with a love like his own. Life, light, and warmth are round him, shadows fly, bad spirits come not near, all evil things shrink away, and "tears forget to flow." How charming to come within this sweet influence! How our hearts warm in the glow! The very air seems filled with sounds of music, and sweet voices seem to sing, "Rejoice ever more!"

If we would protect ourselves against the visits of dark and evil spirits, we must have an active, well-stored mind. The mind of man is like a hall opened within his animal nature, to be the gathering-ground of ideas, thoughts, memories, hopes, fears—things not visible to the outward eye nor to be touched by mortal hands, yet which have the power to act upon our outward bodily selves, and to mould our character as clay is moulded in the

hands of the potter. It is here, in this invisible chamber, that we seem to meet again the spirits of the departed. It is here that religion, its hopes, prospects and revelations, becomes a present thing, felt and understood. Now, what if this hall be empty?

Occasionally he rises to an unaffected eloquence, and, like some of the Puritan orators, uses figures very efficiently:—

Prayer is the gate of the spiritual world; it is the door of the sanctuary. It is by prayer that we rise above mortality, and sense, and sin, and draw near to the very throne of God. What a power is this! what a privilege! what a refuge! what a link between the mortal and the immortal, the creature and the Creator, the child and the eternal Father!

What man ever rose to a knowledge of either Christ or God, or to the depths of his own nature, who has not lifted up his soul in prayer? Who that *has* prayed, not once, but day by day, in every crisis and danger of his life, in every deep emotion—whether of love, or joy, or sorrow—has not felt how wonderful a provision is here made for the deepest want of our nature? What power there is in prayer to purify, to strengthen, to enlighten, to lift us into the nearer presence of that Great Being whom our spirits seek. The scoffer may scoff, and the prayerless may doubt, and philosophers may deny, and worldlings may forget, but the spirit that has been accustomed to go to God in prayer is above the sound of such voices, is not troubled by them, hardly hears them.

The mode in which Mr. Greg bore his sorrows and sufferings—shedding over the lives of others a benignant light, amply proves that such utterances came from the depths of a true experience, enriched and brightened by faith the most sincere. In the light of such utterances and facts as we have given, these words of Dean Stanley do not seem to be overcharged: "The frequency of infirmity and pain hardly ever seemed to quench his ardor, in listening, on our return from foreign countries, or in connection with our pursuits in London or elsewhere, to the accounts of the movements of the great world of science or politics. He is gone; but the glimpses which he gave to me, and doubtless to others, of the combination of a sincere trust in the divine goodness, with a sincere attachment to truth, and freedom, and progress, furnished a proof such as we can in these latter days ill afford to lose, that such a combination is not so impossible as the narrow notions of contending parties would fain represent."

H. A. PAGE.

From The Academy.

M. THIERS AS AN HISTORIAN.

HE was before everything a journalist, a publicist: a rapid, brilliant and sensible *improvisateur*, for whom alike speech and writing are pre-eminently means of action, having for their aim a practical result—viz., the persuasion of those to whom they are addressed. It was some time before he discovered the form of utterance most fitted for his talent. Endowed with the Marseillaise volubility, he began by writing and speaking with a certain oratorical amplitude, a certain florid emphasis; but after he had acquired more sureness and experience, he soon changed his manner, and developed a style of writing and speaking at once simple, abundant, and facile; more facile than accurate, more lucid than powerful, in which all is sacrificed to the purpose in view—viz., clearness and demonstration. A sincere passion, often mixed with somewhat of personal vanity, but generally inspired less by violence of temperament than by definiteness of conviction, and the ardent desire of communicating what he believed to be true, animated and colored the somewhat invertebrate and diffuse matter of his discourse. This passion at times raised him to the level of real eloquence, just as his lucidity of mind pointed by his ardent patriotism gave him at times an historic sense of singular depth. The famous evidence which he gave respecting the events of September 4 before the commission of inquiry of the National Assembly is in this respect a *chef d'œuvre*; and will remain the finest speech and the finest piece of history which we owe to M. Thiers.

Lamartine admirably defined M. Thiers' eloquence when he wrote in 1830 as follows:—

Il ne frappait pas les grands coups, mais il en frappait une multitude de petits avec lesquels il brisait les ministères, les majorités, et les trônes. Il n'avait pas les gestes d'âme de Mirabeau, mais il avait sa force en détail; il avait pris la massue de Mirabeau sur la tribune, et il en avait fait des flèches. Il en perçait à droite et à gauche les assemblées; sur l'une était écrit "raisonnement"; sur l'autre "sarcasme"; sur celle-ci "grâce," sur celle-là "passion." C'était une nuée, on n'y échappait pas.

M. Thiers was neither a scholar nor a thinker; but he had acquired by practice in affairs a solid acquaintance with administration, with policy, and with finance. His marvellous memory, his vast reading, and his practical energy, gave him the

largest and most varied information; his practical sense and his experience supplied the lack of meditation and profundity of thought. A wonderful *ensemble* of mediocre qualities in perfect equilibrium and brought into play by an indefatigable energy gave him a superiority which might in certain moments pass for genius.

That which M. Thiers was as a journalist and a speaker, he was also as an historian. Here, also, he remained a publicist and a man of action: we must not ask of him either completeness or depth; he only says what he knows, and he says it with a particular audience in view. The characteristic of the publicist is to write always with his public in his eye; he thinks and he writes not so much the mere results of his reflections or his studies, but is influenced, modified, transformed by those whom he addresses. It was thus with M. Thiers. His "History of the Revolution," written during the restoration, was an apology for the Revolutionary period adapted to the Liberals of that time. All these had been successful against Louis XVIII. and Charles X. M. Thiers satisfied by turns all the sections of the opposition. With a fatalism which has often been the subject of censure, he praised the men of the Constituent Assembly as against the defenders of the *ancien régime*, the Girondists as against the Assembly, the Jacobins as against the Girondists, the men of Thermidor as against the men of the Terror. He knew how to make an admirable use of all the printed documents he had before him at Paris; but he never dreamed of carrying his researches further, of turning over original records, examining the reports of each important day of the Revolution, of each personage in the drama. His fatalism provided him with a philosophy at once convenient and short; and his only care was to narrate with liveliness and vigor. His "History of the Consulate and the Empire" is a more mature work, more studied, more meditated than the "History of the Revolution," but it has the same faults. In this case M. Thiers had access to many manuscript documents, but he only used them as a political speaker makes use of facts and figures—for the needs of his cause. Intentionally or unintentionally, he has neglected entire aspects of his subject, and keeps in view only those about which he has theses to support. Administration, finance, war, seemed at that time the only things worthy of the attention of a statesman: they were accordingly the only objects of his attention as an historian. The

movements of the public mind, manners, public education, the development of literature, religion, had only a secondary value for him, and play no part in his "History of Napoleon." Having begun it under Louis Philippe at a time when the Liberals were still united with the Bonapartists, profoundly imbued as he was with the administrative ideas of the empire and with some pretension to being a strategist himself, he shows in his first volumes an exaggerated admiration for the great captain who organized the Revolution. Later, under the second empire, and writing for a generation which threw back on Napoleon I. the odium inspired by Napoleon III., and also with the historic fatalism which made him admire success and condemn failure, he became severe towards the hero whom he had before unreservedly praised.

This slightly superficial point of view, conforming as it does to the illiberal passions of the great public, doubtless contributed to the success of the book, but deprives it of a permanent value, as much as the incompleteness in the manner of treatment and in the documents used. M. Thiers, again, has ignored foreign documents; and accordingly his work gives no idea of the state of Europe at the time of Napoleon — either of its political or social condition, or of the sentiments animating foreign nations. It is as a narrative that the "History of the Consulate and the Empire" is admirable. Never were military and diplomatic affairs endowed with such life. There are portions, like the first Italian campaign, which are veritable masterpieces. As an historian, though his point of view is less large, his originality of treatment inferior, while his practical sense and the justness of his judgment are greater, M. Thiers recalls the manner of Macaulay.

But, I repeat, it is wronging M. Thiers to judge him from a single point of view. He was above all, and always, a man of action. He acted all his life and in every sort of way — as journalist, deputy, minister, man of the world, historian, academician, ambassador, first magistrate. No man has been more persevering, more *routinier* even, in his ideas; none has shown more adroitness in giving effect to them. A man of sense before everything; a patriot, endowed with wit, judgment, penetration, always keeping himself in a middle region which rendered him accessible to all; he remains the noblest and most complete representative of the liberal

French *bourgeoisie* of the nineteenth century with all its qualities and all its defects.

In the last twenty years of his life he began two new works, a "History of Florence" and a "System of Natural Philosophy." We must not regret that he did not live to finish them. He had neither the erudition nor the speculative qualities necessary for such efforts. M. Thiers has accomplished his work; he has died in his full glory, after having bestowed upon his country all that he was capable of bestowing upon her. Up to his last hours he was a happy man.

G. MONOD.

From The Academy.

M. THIERS' WILL.

M. THIERS has left a considerable legacy to his country. By an article in his will of which up to the present moment only his intimate friends have been aware, he leaves to the State not only all his collections, but also the immense historical materials which he had gathered for his works, as well as the house which he had partly rebuilt with the funds voted by the National Assembly after the defeat of the Commune. We understand that this house will be converted into a museum. The packets of MSS., comprising documents of the highest political and diplomatic interest, which he used for his "History of the Revolution" and his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," and which had been given him or transcribed for him by the surviving members of the families of the historical personages concerned, or by the chancelleries of the various countries, will be deposited in the national archives, after the friends of the deceased have selected from them all matter of a purely personal nature. This explains why the government abstained from sealing them up, as is customary with the papers of late ministers the day after their death. The copies of Italian paintings which M. Thiers had had executed for him, mostly in water-color, by the pupils of the Ecole de Rome, will be presented to the museum at Marseilles, his native town. We hear, too, that a committee is being organized by the editors of the republican newspapers for the purpose of opening a subscription for the erection of a statue of the deceased statesman in front of his house in the Place Saint-Georges.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LOVE'S ARROWS.

At a league's distance from the town of Pontelle in Provence, and hard by the shrine of our Lady of Marten, there is in the midst of verdant meadows a little pool, overshadowed on all sides by branching oak-trees, and surrounded at the water's edge by a green sward so fruitful that in spring it seemeth, for the abundance of white lilies, as covered with half-melted snow. Unto this fair place a damsel from out a near village once came to gather white flowers for the decking of our Lady's chapel; and while so doing saw lying in the grass a naked boy: in his hair were tangled blue water-flowers, and at his side lay a bow and marvellously wrought quiver of two arrows, one tipped at the point with gold, the other with lead. These the damsel, taking up the quiver, drew out; but as she did so the gold arrow did prick her finger, and so sorely that, starting at the pain, she let fall the leaden one upon the sleeping boy. He at the touch of that arrow sprang up, and crying against her with much loathing, fled over the meadows. She followed him to overtake him, but could not, albeit she strove greatly; and soon, wearied with her running, fell upon the grass in a swoon. Here had she lain, had not a goatherd of those parts found her and brought her to the village. Thus was much woe wrought unto the damsel, for after this she never again knew any joy, nor delighted in aught, save only it were to sit waiting and watching among the lilies by the pool. By these things it seemeth that the boy was not mortal as she supposed, but rather the Demon or Spirit of Love, whom John of Dreux for his two arrows holdeth to be that same Eros of Greece. —MSS. Mus. Aix, B. 754.

THE story that I write of shows how Love Once wandering in the woodlands, to a grove Of oak-trees came, within which was a pool, Fed by a stream of water, clear and cool.

Such a lovely pool as this
Love had hardly seen, I wis:
All about its edges grew
Blue forget-me-nots, as blue
As the hue of summer skies,
Or the light of Love's own eyes.
From this belt of flowers the sward
Upward sloped, and did afford
Footing soft as is most meet
For the soles of bathers' feet:
And upon this sward oak-trees
Stretched their branches to the breeze,
And with pleasant sound and shade
Covert from the sun's heat made.
'Neath the trees were violets seen
Mixing with the grass's green,
And white lilies, at whose sight
Life seemed merged in one delight.

When Love saw the oak-tree's shade,
And how soft the sward was laid,
He at once did throng aside
Bow and arrows—nought beside
Was he cumbered with—and then
Plunged into the pool. Again
Will not be a sight so fair
As the love-god bathing there.
How can I, poor modern, write
Of his beauty, or how white
Were his limbs, how gold his hair,
Or how passing fine and fair
Was his form: I should but spoil
Beauty's bloom, and waste my toil.
If great Marlowe could not sing
All Leander's praise, nor bring

All his beauties in his line,
Shall it be allowed to mine?

When Love tired of swimming grew,
From the pool his limbs he drew,
And on the sward himself down threw.
Love upon the green sward lay,
Flowers about him every way.
The soft turf that formed his bed
Was with lilies overspread;
And from out his hair there gleamed
Blue forget-me-nots (that seemed
Like to turquoise stones when gold
Their blue beauty doth enfold);
They had caught and tangled there
As he swam with streaming hair.
Thus Love lay and laughing played
With a grass's spiky blade,
Watching with half-closing eyes
The green-crested dragon-flies,
That about the pool did skim,
Or the bird that on its rim
Came, with outstretched thirsty bill,
From the pool to drink its fill.
But not long did Eros keep
His blue eyes from coming sleep:
For the humming of the bees,
And the murmurs from the trees
That his bed of wild flowers shaded,
All to drowsiness persuaded;
Soon he did begin to feel
Sleep o'er all his limbs to steal;
Soon the pool and meadow grew
Less distinct upon his view;
Soon his sleep-o'erweighted head
On his arm dropped down; then fled
From the eyes of conquered Love
Flowers and meadow, pool and grove.

Now, as chance had it, to the pool-side came
This very day a maiden, one by name
Margaret, a comely damsel, full of grace
Both in her form and in her fair young face.
Tall and upright she was, with black hair
crowned;

Her eyes were black, and seemed to look
around

With gentleness on all things, and did show
Her love for all things lovely; and here now
White flowers she sought wherewith to deck
the shrine

Of Christ his Mother, and to intertwine
Their stems upon her altar. When, she drew
Near to the pool a something met her view
That glittered in the grass: she nears to see,
And, lo! a naked boy! At first thinks she
To fly and hide her blushes, but some power
Holdeth her spell-bound, and she doth devour
The sleeper with her eyes till all her soul
Grows drunken with his beauty, and the whole
Of her fair heart is moved. She presently
Among the grass his quiver doth espy,
And takes it up. Two arrows doth it hold,
One with lead barbed, the other barbed with
gold.

Ah! little does she know the evils dread
Roused by these arrows: that which bears the
lead

In those it touches a fierce loathing wakes;
But that which has the gold for loving makes.

Not witting this, poor maid, she draws them out.

The gold one pricks her finger—then about Her body runs a trembling, and a joy Unspeakable doth hold her. On the boy She looks, and straight doth love him. But, ah' woe!

As she stands gazing thus on him below, The leaden arrow from her fingers falls, And strikes the boy. He, springing upright, calls

With hate upon her; she with love replies, Feasting the while upon him with her eyes; In haste he turns to fly; around his neck She casts white clinging arms. But little reck

Immortal limbs such binding; forth he flies, Crying, "Thou burn'st me;" after him she hies;

But all in vain. Soon spent she falls, and would

Have died had not a goatherd in the wood Found her, and led her home. From this sad day

Margaret ne'er joined in any youthful play, But lived disconsolately. In the grove She would sit oft, waiting her scarce-known love,

Who never came. Thus was much woe to thee

Fair Margaret—and the Love-god, how fares he?
ST. LOE STRACHEY.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON THE ELECTRIC RESISTANCE OF METALS.—Some two or three years ago we were startled by the announcement that the electric conductivity of selenium is capable of being affected by light. It has, however, been since determined that not only selenium but also the allied element tellurium has its electric resistance diminished after exposure to luminous rays. Desirous of determining whether other bodies are similarly affected, Dr. Börnstein has carried out some interesting researches in the Physical Institute at Heidelberg. His results are published in a paper which has been translated by Mr. R. E. Day, in the *Philosophical Magazine* (June, 1877, p. 481). Gold, silver, and platinum are the only metals which Dr. Börnstein has yet examined, but as he finds that all these are sensitive to light, he is inclined to infer that the property, so far from being exceptional, is one enjoyed in greater or less measure by all metals. In the case of selenium and tellurium, it has been suggested that the alteration of resistance is due to the action of calorific rather than of luminous rays. But no such objection can be urged against the experiments with the noble metals. In fact, the resistance of these metals *increases* with the *temperature*, so that when it is found that on exposure to direct light the resistance is diminished, it is clear that heat can have nothing to do with causing such a change. Heat, indeed, tends to mask the effects of light, and the diminution of resistance is therefore a differential effect; an effect representing the difference between the increase of resistance consequent on rise of temperature, and the decrease of resistance due to the action of light. Dr. Börnstein's experiments, therefore, show beyond question that the electric conductivity of the noble metals is exalted, or their resistance diminished, by the direct effect of luminous rays.

Popular Science Review.

THE ELECTRIC CANDLE.—Experiments have been recently conducted at the West India Docks with the view of testing the illuminating power of the so-called electric candle devised by M. Paul Jablochhoff. This simple means of producing a steady electric light consists in placing two carbon pencils side by side, but separated by a bar of a composition called "kaolin." On the passage of the current the carbons slowly burn down, and the kaolin is consumed by the heat at exactly the same rate. The carbons are thus kept always at the same distance apart, and the light playing between them is thus rendered constant without the aid of complex regulators. In the experiments at the West India Docks the current was produced by a magneto-electric machine, worked by a small steam-engine, and the results are described as having been eminently satisfactory. For lights of small and medium size, an apparatus of even greater simplicity may be employed, the carbon points being dispensed with and nothing used beyond a piece of the so-called kaolin held between the electrodes. But M. Jablochhoff's prime improvement, which promises to greatly extend the use of the electric light, consists in his ability to divide the current, so as to supply several candles placed in the same circuit, each with its own coil. These candles may be of various degrees of illuminating power, and may be lighted or extinguished separately. In short, the electricity appears to be under such control, that it might be generated in some central establishment and laid on through wires to the several centres of illumination, just as freely as gas is at present distributed through pipes to any number of burners. MM. Denayrouze and Jablochhoff, who have employed the light in Paris, have described their process before the French Academy of Sciences.

Comtes Rendus, No. 16, April 17, 1877.